

Arlington Advocate

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ARLINGTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1910.

No. 3.

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An Invitation.

"US BOYS" are invited—you'll know where and when—
On New Year's Day in Nineteen-ten;
Old English Plum Loaf and hot chocolate are due,
We'll resolve to be happy, and our friendship renew.

Happy New Year!

How does 1910 look to you?

In distributing your New Year favors, don't forget the local paper.

All services were omitted at the Universalist church on Sunday.

Castle Avalon, K. O. K. A. will meet in St. John's Parish House on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake entertained at "The Maples" on Christmas Day with a dinner party of twelve covers.

The A. B. C. team in the Amateur Boston Pin League bowls the Newtowns at Cambridge next Wednesday evening, Jan. 5th.

The electric light wires suffered much more at the easterly section of the town than any other. There was very little damage at the Heights.

Seven big pungs of the Boston Elevated St. Ry. were on duty at the centre, cleaning up the snow piled up by the snow plows, Tuesday afternoon.

Sunday services at St. John's church, Academy street. Morning prayer, Holy Communion and sermon, 10.30. Children's Christmas service at four p. m.

The class of 1905 of Arlington High school held its annual winter reunion on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. Arthur Tappan, of Massachusetts ave.

Mr. F. A. Neergaard and family, who are making their home with Mrs. E. H. Colman on Pleasant street, have gone to Hibernia, Flo., for the next three months.

Miss Mary E. Sargent, the librarian at Medford Public Library, passed away last week after a service of eighteen years. She was an authority in library work.

Next Tuesday evening the Boat Club will give a dance in honor of their lady friends, at the club house. Custer's orchestra has been engaged to furnish the music.

The members of the Primary Department of St. John's Sunday school will have their Christmas Tree in the Parish House, Pleasant street, on Saturday afternoon, at four.

Mr. and Mrs. William Benjamin Merrill announce the engagement of their daughter Louise to Mr. Henry Halle Dole, the latter the only son of Mrs. Frank H. Hubbard of Arlington.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Thorpe announced the engagement of their daughter Marion to Mr. Harold Ray Horton, of Salem, Massachusetts, at a family party held on the evening of Dec. 25th, at their home on Russell street.

Arlington High school class of 1896 held a reunion on Thursday evening with Miss Priscilla Russell and her sister, Mrs. Charles T. Bunker, at the former's home on Massachusetts avenue. Mr. John A. Bishop is class secretary.

This afternoon and evening (Friday) the Sunday school and members of the Unitarian parish are holding their annual New Year party in the vestry of the church. Supper is served at six, to be followed by an entertainment.

The Sunday school of St. John's parish had its Christmas tree festival on Tuesday evening. The members of the main school assembled in the church for a short service of prayers and carols, and then repaired to the vestry for the distribution of gifts. Each child received a

gift, a box of candy and a picture book. The tree, ten feet high, was profusely decorated. It was the kind gift of Mr. J. O. Holt.

The January meeting of the Universalist church Men's Club will be held in the vestry of the church, on Monday evening, Jan. 3d, at 8 o'clock. An interesting program will be presented and refreshments served.

Rev. Dr. Wood will preach at First Baptist church, Sunday forenoon, on "Peace." The choir, with Mr. Norris at the organ, will render the elaborate programme of Christmas music announced in last week's paper for last Sabbath.

The January service, in the series of monthly services at the First Parish (Unitarian) church, which occurs a week from Sunday will be held at 4.30 p. m. instead of 7 as usual. A fuller announcement will be made next week.

Did you notice the beauty of the snow arch on Pleasant street? The tall elms and other shade trees which embower the street, were so heavily covered with snow that it made a picture of great beauty and a perfect arch of snow.

There were no services on Sunday at the Orthodox Cong'l church, on account of the severe snow storm. Some five pupils in the Sunday school braved the elements in time for the noon session of the school, but there was no session.

This is the 39th year the ADVOCATE has wished you and yours a Happy New Year. We trust our regard for each other grows stronger and stronger with the increasing years. We can hardly realize that we are approaching our 40th birthday.

Rev. Mr. Gill, Dr. Chas. D. Cobb, superintendent of the Sunday school, and three or four others were the only representatives of the Unitarian church that attempted to attend divine worship last Sabbath forenoon. The services were omitted.

A large bunch of red and white pinks was a beautiful Christmas token to the editor of the ADVOCATE from the employees of the office. It was the centerpiece at a dinner of ten covers given by Mrs. Parker on Christmas Day, at 12 Pelham terrace.

The guests of Mrs. Colman's several houses in the Pleasant street district assembled at the mansion house on Christmas, where all participated in the merriment a joke Christmas tree produced. There was no end of fun and holiday good cheer.

Wetherbee Bros. certainly had the people guessing the first of this week when their electric light service was not interrupted by the storm. They have had their own private plant for nearly three years, with no trouble at all during that time.

The "Clan of Hardy," some eighteen strong, was entertained at breakfast, on Christmas morning, by Mr. and Mrs. Rodney T. Hardy, at their beautiful home on Gray street. There was Christmas tree for the children and merry making and gift giving by all.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet with Mrs. H. T. Gregory at her home, 31 Walnut street, Tuesday afternoon of next week, at 2.30. This is the annual meeting and it is especially desired that there shall be a full attendance of the members.

We learn, through the Harvard University Gazette, that Ralph Hornblower, only son of Mr. Henry Hornblower of Arlington, is among the list of those in the second group of students who, by excellence in their collegiate course at Harvard, have won a scholarship.

The annual meeting of the Bradshaw Missionary Association will be held on Monday afternoon, January 3d, at three o'clock, in the ladies' parlor of the Congregational church. After business matters have been discussed, Mrs. Clancy, of Cleveland street, will speak to the ladies.

The Christmas Cantata "The Hope of the World" will be sung at Trinity church Sunday evening, in two parts. The first half will include the choruses of "Christmas Bells" and "The Shepherds." The last half consists of the choruses "The Wise Men" and "Hail Royal Babe." Service at seven.

Instead of the regular Thursday evening prayer meeting, there will be a "Watch Night Service" held New Year's Eve, at Trinity church. The first hour, beginning at 7.45 will be the weekly prayer meeting followed by a Young People's meeting at 9.30, when officers for the coming year will be elected.

Owing to the limited seating capacity of Associates Hall, the members of the Woman's Club are requested not to bring guests at the meeting on Jan. 6th, as the ladies on the waiting list are to be the guests of the club that afternoon, and together with the membership, will occupy all the available seating capacity.

It is proposed, beginning Jan. 9th, by Dr. Wood, to hold a series of evening services at First Baptist church on each Sunday evening, at 7.30. The address will be short and on timely themes and the whole made a cheerful and bright service, enriched by musical programs.

Mrs. Ira Russell had a happy reunion of her children for the Christmas holidays. Her son, Warren L. Russell, and wife (born Alice Upham) came over from New York, and her daughter, Mrs. Chas. T. Bunker, with husband and two children, from New Bedford, completed the family circle.

There were not many people who had a live baby for Christmas, but on the morning of Dec. 25th, 1909, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William D. Elwell, at their residence, 94 Pleasant street. The young man has been named after his grandfather, Mr. William G. Peck, for

many years the president of Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.

The electric light service in Arlington was resumed at about eight o'clock, Tuesday evening.

President Blake, of the First National Bank, is out this week, after his indisposition of last week.

Expert forester Harold L. Frost has been appointed by Gov. Draper as a member of the board of trustees of Mass. Agricultural College.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spillane, of 334 Mass. avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary Veronica, to Mr. Austin D. Rhoades, of Waltham.

Our Universalist friends are preparing for a concert and dance in Town Hall, on the evening of Jan. 14. Tufts College Glee Club is the talent engaged.

The entertainment in the Pratt Fund course, at the High school, is on Friday evening of next week, Jan. 7. Marshall Darrah is to give Shakespeare's Macbeth.

Robbins Library closed at six on Monday, the few lamps and gas jets available being entirely insufficient to light the building in the absence of the electrical current.

Private Percy J. Gee, of 154th Co., C. A. C., stationed at Fort McKinley, Maine, spent the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gee, of 10 Park street.

The annual meeting of St. John's Woman's Guild for the election of officers, will be held next Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, in the Parish House, 74 Pleasant street.

Inspector of Buildings, Wm. Gratto, has just made a neat new office in his store in Associates Block, fitted up in the most approved style. He did all the work, and can take pride in it.

Mr. Frank P. Dyer, of the Arlington News Agency, tells us the storm on Sunday made a loss of twenty-five dollars to him in the sale of Sunday papers. It also cut the sales of the ADVOCATE.

Miss Parker will be at home mornings at 12 Pelham terrace, with the exception of Tuesday, to meet customers for trimming and remodeling hats in the latest styles of fall and winter millinery.

Rev. York A. King will preach Sunday forenoon, at Trinity Baptist church, on "The Broad and Narrow Way," Matt. 13: 14, in the Sermon on the Mount series. At the evening service in the Acts of the Apostles series he will preach on "Philip and the Eunuch," Acts 8: 25-39.

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Trusting we may still have a share of your patronage this coming year we will endeavor to do everything in our power to please you.

Yours for a Happy New Year.

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PLEASANT STREET GROCERY

ARLINGTON, MASS.

as the Auditorium, from which place the library was moved to the Robbins Memorial building seventeen years ago.

This (Saturday) evening the "Nineteen-Ten" assembly, given under the management of a group of popular young men of the town, will take place in Associates Hall. We understand that it is to be a large party and to include the well known society people of the town without respect to age. It is planned to be the dance of the season.

The ladies having the matter in charge have issued the "Year Book" of Arlington Woman's Club. It has been arranged and gotten up in the most approved style and is the handsomest and most up-to-date book ever issued in the name of the club. Not only is it a handy book of reference, but it is a handsome booklet to keep as a souvenir of the club's season of 1909-1910.

At 4.30 p. m., Sunday, Jan. 2, at the First Congregational church, Winchester, the choir will render Handel's "Messiah" in part. The assisting soloists will be Miss Rosetta Key, soprano, of the South Church, Boston; Mr. H. Lambert Murphy, tenor, of the New Old South church, Boston; Mr. Albert E. Brown, bass, and musical director of the public schools in Winchester. Doors open at 4 p. m. Cordial welcome to all.

Rosamond Wood gave the most accurate guess as to the weight of the ball of tin foil in the window of Dow & Giles, that was exhibited several weeks before Christmas, and was awarded the beautiful French doll. Master Edward Breen, son of Postmaster Breen, was the next and secured the coveted child's automobile. The first guess was fifteen pounds, three and one-fifth ounces; the second, fifteen pounds, three and one-quarter ounces. The actual weight of the ball was fifteen pounds, three ounces and one-half.

The kerosene lamp and candles were in great demand the first of the week, when our new and most convenient friend, the electric light, went back on us. Our old friends, the candles and the kerosene, did not make so brilliant an illuminant as the electric, but it was interesting to observe how artistic and becoming was the light they shed, especially when they were diffused through artistic lamps and ornate sconces and candelabra. There is never any loss without some gain. Those who had the gas on their premises were in luck, for that did not go back on them.

Arlington Boat team simply romped away with the match against the B. A. A. in the Boston Pin League series at Arlington Wednesday evening, improved its hold on first place in the standing, so seriously threatened by Colonial, and broke a record in the match. The team single record of 573, held by Newtowne, was bettered in the opening string, the Boat Club rolling 575. In this string Webb got 135 and Homer one pin less. The Unicorn team was completely outclassed. The totals were 575, 493, 511, 1579 for A. B. C. The B. A. A. score was 504, 466, 479, 1449.

The converging of electric car lines at Arlington centre, the width of the streets and necessity for making travel there as convenient as possible, taxed the resources of the highway department on Monday, because of the perfect tangle of electric wires encountered, and it was late when outlying sections were given paths through the snow. Complaints of this delay came to us over the telephone and the street superintendent came in for lectures regarding his duty, coupled with not altogether complimentary estimates of his ability to fill his job. We presume the senders of the messages felt better after getting them off; the current did not hurt us, as it went no further; the target didn't even know he was aimed at. Supt. Pond was on to his job at four o'clock on Monday morning with all his machines and all the help he could command. Where the work was most needed it was intelligently performed, as soon as could be reasonably expected the ways were made passable.

Supt. LeBaron reports that at no time was the fire alarm service seriously interfered with by Sunday's storm, though Boston papers reported otherwise, and only one box of the police signal system was cut out by reason of broken wire. The damage to the fire service was quickly located and remedied, so Arlington enjoyed the distinction of being the only town in Metropolitan district escaping serious damage. The main damage to wires, was where the wind had a clear sweep across the Marathon street section. Here about everything was blown down and it was this tangle that caused the superintendent's decision to cut out all electric light currents until proper inspection could be made. It is ever so much better to be safe than sorry,—to dispense with electric lights until it was certain there was no danger of fire. It was a night and day job such as all concerned hope will not be encountered again.

The Clover Lend-a-Hand gave its annual Christmas party Tuesday afternoon, from two until four o'clock, in Wellington Hall. There were eighty-five children, ranging in ages from five to thirteen, who, through the generosity of the club were given a happy afternoon. A sleight-of-hand performance, was the means of entertainment provided, after which ice cream, cake and candy were served to all. Besides the treat each child was given a pair of mittens. The afternoon was in charge of a committee composed of Mesdames Arthur J. Wellington (chairman), D. T. Percy, George A. Smith, W. B. Wood, Homer Davis, J. A. Bailey, Jr., Miss Alice Holway. Of course the president of the club, Mrs. Frederick F. Low, had a general supervision of the afternoon and lent her efforts in making the occasion an enjoyable one for the club's guests, who came from all sections of the town. The club were recipients of generous donations

Continued on Page 8.

WASHINGTON LETTER

By CARL SCHOFIELD, Special Correspondent.

Under the personal direction of Mrs. Taft arrangements for the social season at the White House have virtually been completed, and the program shows a number of innovations which reflect the great interest and study which she has given to the subject.

While Mrs. Taft probably will not participate in any of the larger receptions or state functions, the details of these affairs will be carried out under her immediate supervision. She will continue to receive by appointment two or three afternoons each week during the season, but it is felt that it would be too much of a tax upon her to be present during the long hours of all the state functions.

Invitation Lists Curtailed.

The problem of the larger receptions, such as the diplomatic, the judicial, the congressional and the army and navy, with invitation lists in past years of 2,000 and more, presented to Mrs. Taft the greatest difficulty of the social program, and she set about to devise some means of making the receptions more significant, more distinctive and more of a personal honor to the guests of the evening and to those invited to meet them.

To do this it has been found necessary materially to reduce the invitation lists, not by the elimination of any one in or out of official life who should be on the White House lists, but by limiting the invitations to one or the other of the receptions and not inviting the same guests to all of the receptions. Only a few persons in official life will be invited to more than one of the big receptions, and no one out of official life, it is said, will receive succeeding invitations.

Old Custom Revived.

One of the principal reasons for limiting the numbers at the several receptions is the fact that during this administration refreshments are to be served during the state receptions. This has not been done since President Hayes' administration. The facilities for serving refreshments to so large a company at the White House are comparatively limited, of course, and the guests to be invited must be reckoned accordingly.

There is a sentimental feature attached to this restoration of refreshments at the receptions, for it was during the Hayes administration that Mrs. Taft first visited and lived in the White House as the house guest of President and Mrs. Hayes.

President Hayes was the law partner of Judge Herron, Mrs. Taft's father, and Mrs. Taft spent many happy girlhood days in the executive mansion. It is said that the reason refreshments were cut out was because the crowd of guests was usually so great that it became virtually a mob.

Jackson's Cheese Reception.

The early presidents all served refreshments, and in some instances a festive punch bowl was kept in use. An amusing incident in connection with this subject occurred during the administration of President Jackson. A mammoth cheese, weighing 1,400 pounds, four feet in diameter and two feet thick, was presented to Jackson.

The genial Jackson gave a George Washington's birthday reception on Feb. 22, 1837, and invited his fellow citizens to visit the White House between 1 and 3 and taste the cheese. The citizens came to the tune of about 10,000 or more. The senate adjourned to attend the cheese reception, while the obdurate house of representatives was restrained by a scanty majority from attending en masse. The cheese was eaten, but the carpets and furniture of the east room were ruined.

An Ambassador's Mishap.

It is related that one foreign ambassador rode in state to the White House in blissful ignorance of the inner details of a cheese reception. As he entered the east room a small boy was precipitated into the envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. So was the huge chunk of cheese to which the boy was attached.

The inevitable occurred, and the minister was plastered with the delicacy. Giving one horrified glance at the non-descript assemblage and scenting the mingled odors of cheese, hot polloi and cologne water, the minister fled. As he left the mansion he remarked to a colleague:

"You can stay if you want to and are able, but this is too d—d democratic for me."

Abolished by Van Buren.

President Van Buren, who took office shortly after this incident, was so angry at the destruction to furniture and carpets by the cheese party that he did away with any sort of refreshments at either public or card receptions. This rule obtained until the Lincoln took office, when the custom of light refreshments was restored. The Hayeses found it impossible and abolished it during the last of their regime, and it now remains for Mrs. Taft to restore the lavish handed southern hospitality to the receptions.

Dramas at White House.

A well known theatrical manager is completing plans which look to the monthly production in the executive mansion of one act plays of a more or less classical and educational nature. These plans will be submitted to Mrs. Taft for her approval shortly after the first of the year. For awhile during the last administration Mrs. Roosevelt had under consideration the plan of giving dramatic entertainments at the White House. It has been figured out that by an ingenious arrangement of curtains and lights the east room can be adapted admirably for the presentation of tabloid drama before a limited audience.

A Culinary Capture

The Sequel to Nanon's Birthday Banquet.

By VIRGINIA TYLER HUDSON.

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Though women were few, and single women fewer, in the construction camps along the keys, it must be admitted that the coming of Nanon O'Higgins caused scarcely a flutter in the busy camp life.

When old Jim O'Higgins carelessly remarked that he would not eat at the camp table, as he had his daughter with him and would take his share from the commissary to his shack, it was the cue of Anjer Regan and Peter Ingraham and Frenchy Despard to stroll casually over toward the O'Higgins shack at the close of the first day's work. It was not because of a lack of welcome that they went no more—at least for some time.

"Not much for looks, sure," was the pronouncement of Anjer Regan as they went back to the bunk boat down at the edge of the scraggly coral beach. "Her eyes gave me the creeps too. Looks as if she had a regular grouch at the world."

"Most probably," put in Frenchy, "she have—not with ze worl', but with ze old O'Higgins, who have name her Nanon. Parbleu! Such a name for such a femme! Youth and beauty, certisement, it means, and when you see her, pouf! It vaneseth!"

One day Ingraham was stretched on the white sands when O'Higgins came upon him.

"We want you and some of the boys to come up to the shack for dinner tonight, Mr. Ingraham," said the old man hesitatingly. "This is my little girl's birthday, and I thought—"

Ingraham hesitated. "Oh, why not?" he thought. "This once won't hurt me. The old chap's fond of the girl, I suppose, too, and he hates to see her neglected." So he answered as he rose, yawning: "All right, O'Higgins, we'll be on deck."

All three of the men knew what it was to dine well. In the city Ingraham was known as such an epicure that it was a standing joke with his friends that he would starve down on the keys on the construction camp commissary. Like all true Frenchmen, Despard, too, knew the value of things culinary. But each was compelled to admit that never, even in the best clubs and restaurants, had they sat down to a daintier feast than that provided in the little Florida shack. And that, too, on the necessarily limited fare.

"Male out!" exclaimed the delighted Frenchman as together they strolled toward the beach. "Such soup! Such an entree! Such sauce bernaise! It would appear that we have underrated the Mlle. Nanon! Never have I had such a salad of cocoanuts. It was beautiful—enough to make Oscar turn the envious green!"

"At last he has been smitten with the charms of Nanon," solemnly murmured Anjer. "The little god has got busy and hit him in the stomach. But surely he does not expect to be without a rival. I, too, monsieur, have these many years been in search of a good cook."

Ingraham looked at his companions scornfully.

"Little beasts!" he muttered. "I weesh to inform you," said Frenchy Despard one night, after a longer visit than usual, when he and Nanon had gone for a walk along the coral beach, "zat I have ze bonnaire to be betrothed to Mlle. Nanon O'Higgins." He bowed low.

"Well, you turned the trick on us, all right, Frenchy," said the somewhat discomfited Anjer. "May I hope to have an occasional invitation to eat at your house? I can't say but what, on the whole, I'm just as well satisfied. Well at least have the cook in the family, so to speak."

Ingraham looked up with a frown. For the first time the girl's side of this occurred to him. She was to be sacrificed! But with a shrug as if he would efface the thing, although the girl's dark eyes bawled him, he turned to his book.

Two days later Despard came in from the construction camp early. He was intrusted by the superintendent with a message for O'Higgins to prepare for a visit from one of the board of directors whose yacht had been sighted. He went, therefore, at once across the beach to the shack in the palm trees. With the freedom of the accepted lover he turned the corner of the house toward the little kitchen.

"She will be preparing for me the grand dinner," he said to himself untidiously and leaned across the sill of the window through which he could hear the rattle of pots and pans. The sight that met his eyes made his jaw drop and stilled the greeting on his lips. More quietly than he had come the man withdrew and slunk across the beach to the bunk boat.

Only an idling darky boy was in sight when Despard reached the waiting motorboat, into which he hurriedly climbed, carrying a suit case and three notes he had written.

"Here, you," he called as he started the motor, "deliver these notes as soon as this boat is out of sight." Out in the channel he turned in the opposite direction from Kluh's key and headed for Miami. The negro boy waited until a little promontory hid the boat from view and the chug-chug of the motor could no longer be heard and started on a dogtrot with the missives,

which were addressed to old O'Higgins, Nanon and Ingraham.

When the men came in later Ingraham hurried to the O'Higgins shack. Old O'Higgins, more bent and forlorn than ever, sat in the little doorway softly weeping.

"Despard?" queried the superintendent. "Has he been here? I sent him"— "He was here—yes," answered the old man bitterly. "And has gone away, but if I live long enough to find him he will answer for this insult to my little girl!"

"Insult?" cried Ingraham, astonished. "Who—Despard? Has Nanon?" "Read these!" said O'Higgins, handing him Frenchy Despard's notes. He took the opened one of O'Higgins first. "You have deceived me grossly," it started, "without introduction. 'You have tried to foist your ugly daughter on me under false pretenses, and I rebel. I have gone away—so far that you will never be able to find me to marry your daughter that cannot cook.'"

Bewildered, the man opened the other note.

"Dear M. Ingraham," it read. "I am forced to the flight, ignominious. Mlle. Nanon, my fiancée, I find is no cook at all. On arriving at her home unannounced today I saw her father preparing those so elegant dishes we have thought she made. Of course I cannot marry her, but fear they will try to force this so unpleasant state on me. Your motorboat I return from Miami. Uncertain whether to laugh or join the O'Higgins' lament, Ingraham stood staring at the epistles. Then the thought of the girl's sad eyes came to him.

"And Nanon?" he asked somewhat awkwardly.

"Knows, and it will break her proud heart to see you all again. Oh, my poor little girl, to think I brought this on you! And I thought I was doing it for your good!" The old man's sobs broke out afresh.

"Did she love this Despard so much, then?" queried Ingraham.

"No, no!" was the hasty answer. "Lately I've come to think she didn't love him at all, but was doing it to please me. She knew I wanted her to marry a Frenchman and thought this was her only chance. You know, my poor Nanon isn't exactly what might be called beautiful," he broke off deprecatingly.

Ingraham's face broadened in a suppressed smile, but the father went on. "I have a confession to make to you, Mr. Ingraham," he said, "something you should have known before, but Nanon said I mustn't tell. The reason goes back a long time. Once I had everything I wanted, and then it wouldn't have been necessary for me to do what I have to get a husband for Nanon. You boys maybe thought we didn't know what brought you here so much, but we did. It was the cooking. Nanon knew, but she only laughed and let me have my way. Always she only had it in her mind to let me have my way and please me. But, to go back, after my wife died things went wrong, and I lost all I had. I had never been taught to work, so could do little, and there came a time when we didn't know where to get our next meal. Then came this chance down here. Nanon told me to accept it. 'But I can't keep accounts,' I told her. 'Never mind,' said she; 'we'll fix that so they'll never know.' And she did. On account of my lameness I got permission to work here in the shack. Now, don't you see? She did the work, while I kept the house and cooked."

"Cooking was the only thing I could do, you see, but I can cook. French cooking has always been my hobby, and I learned from some of the best experts alive. Well, I began to think Nanon ought to get married, for I wanted some little children about in my old age. She never attracted men, though. If they knew how beautiful her heart and mind are, instead of looking at the face I would not have had to plan a scheme for getting attention for her. I thought if a man really got to know her it wouldn't matter about the means. But I've failed, you see, he finished, "and that's all. I've disgraced my child, and we'll have to start all over again somewhere else."

"Where is the girl?" asked Ingraham soberly. O'Higgins nodded at the pines. Seated on a dead tree trunk he found the girl, her somber eyes gazing out through the vista of pine trees into the patch of opal sea beyond. "Nanon," he said, offering his hand. "I've come to see if there isn't something I can say—something I can do—" "What is there to be said?" she answered, ruefully smiling. "Only—only please don't say you'll bring him back."

"Then you don't love—didn't love?" "I love my father," she said simply. "And he wanted me to marry."

As the man looked down into the deep eyes that told so much of self sacrifice and love, that would have made her even sacrifice her life to give an old man passing happiness, the slow dawn of a comprehension broke over him, a comprehension of what it meant to know a woman who knew only one law—the law of devotion. He had never been a man of impulse, but as Ingraham gazed at her the one that came to him was bearded.

"There are other men to marry, Nanon," he said, looking her squarely in the eyes. The girl winced a bit, but laughingly replied:

"It cannot be that you, too, are looking for a cook?" "I'm looking for a woman," he said, "and I think I've found her. I won't ask you to answer me now, he went on hurriedly. "I have only found myself that I love you, and the sensation is so wonderful that I, too, must have time to think of it. But you will think of me a little, won't you?"

The girl put out her hand as a glad light flitted in the somber eyes through their wondering.

"I think I've always done that," she said.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Modern Methods.

As I opened the door I saw a man with a burglar's mask kneeling before the safe.

The next moment he had turned and shoved a revolver into my face.

"Throw up your hands!" he said.

I did so.

"You understand," he remarked pleasantly, "that I can, under the present circumstances, loot the premises at my pleasure?"

I confessed that he could.

"You realize that you are at my mercy?" he asked.

"I do," I replied.

"You acknowledge that I can blow you to kingdom come if I like?" he persisted.

"Certainly," I admitted.

"Well, then," he said, "you will be interested to know that I got in without difficulty through your parlor window. Had it been equipped with Smith's Patent Safety Burglar Alarm and Preventer this could not have happened. Installed, complete with batteries, for \$15.95. Allow me to hand you a circular. Good night, sir!"

Therewith, pocketing his revolver, he withdrew.—Emil Breitenfeld in Judge's Library.

The Chauffeur's Child.

"Have you decided what to call the child?" asked the minister who had been engaged to baptize the chauffeur's new baby.

"Yes, sir," replied the proud and happy father. "I'm going to call him 'John, 1909 model.'"

"What?" cried the minister. "A name like that would be scandalous!"

"Well, it's going to be that name or nothing," retorted the parent stoutly.

"My boy is a 1909 model, and I'm going to let the people know it!"—Chicago News.

And There Are Others.

The cook had been called away to a sick sister, and so the newly wed mistress of the house undertook, with the aid of the maid, to get the Sunday luncheon. The little maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee mill that would not work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Pearl. Go on with the coffee and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do they keep the soap?"—Red Hen.

Ingratitude of the Great.

"Is der anything in de message 'bout dat possum I sent de president?" asked Brother Dickey.

"Not a word."

"My, my! De higher up folks climbs de mo' ongrateful dey gits! An' ter think," he concluded, "dat it wuz a big, fat possum—de only one I had. An' I wuz ez hongry ez a bar de day I put him on bo'd de Washington westible—unlimited!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Pugilistic.

Mamma—What is little brother crying for? Didn't you give him the swing as I told you?

Bobbie—No, but I gave him something just as good, Mamma—What?

Bobbie—A left hook to the jaw.—Topeka Capital.

Not All Guilty.

"Move inside, gents," cried the conductor on the crowded trolley. "Ye're breakin' the rules standin' on the platform here."

"Some o' them ain't," piped up a little man. "They're standin' on my feet."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Coming to Terms.

Possible Boarder—Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals I should like to come to terms.

Scotch Farmer—Before we gang any further was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?—Presbyterian Standard.

For Hushing Purposes.

"Money talks," said the alderman from the Steenth ward, winking slowly with his left eye.

"Well, if this does any talking," whispered the promoter, handing it over. "It will be the last you'll ever get."—Chicago Tribune.

Specially Fortified.

"Bliggins says he thinks he would like to go into the diplomatic service."

"But he stutters terribly." "That's where he is strong. He has to think at least twice before he says anything."—Washington Star.

Lynching Etiquette.

Tenderfoot (aghast)—You're not lynching that man!

Arizona Ike—Well—er—we don't refer to it in that unrefined way. We call it showin' 'im the ropes.—Judge.

Red Letter Day For Tommy.

Ma—Tommy got home from school an hour earlier than usual today.

Pa—Why was he sent away?

Ma—No. He wasn't kept in.—Louisville Herald.

Worse.

Bell—So he's a bore. Does he tell old jokes?

Nell—Oh, worse than that! He tells original ones.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Never.

"Do you ever think?" in reflective mood he began, but his question slid to the realm of silence. And so it should. He knew that she never did.

—Puck.

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Boston Elevated Railway Co. SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

Arlington Centre to Hanover Street—via Beacon St., Somerville, 4:37 5:17, a. m., and intervals of 20 minutes to 11:20, p. m.

SUNDAY—7:09, a. m., and intervals of 30 and 40 minutes, to 11:20, p. m.

Arlington Heights to Harvard Square—4:31, p. m., and every 10 minutes to 6:01, p. m.

Arlington Heights to Subway—5:04, a. m., and intervals of 10, 8, 7 and 6 minutes to 11:20, p. m. SUNDAY—6:03, 6:33, a. m., and intervals of 15, 10, 7 and 8 minutes to 11:20, p. m.

NIGHT SERVICE—To Adams Sq., via Harvard Sq.—11:28, 12:09, 12:19, 1:09, 1:59, 2:39, 4:44, 6:27, 6:57, a. m., Sunday, a. m.

Arlington Heights to Sullivan Terminal—via Broadway, 5:15, a. m., and intervals of 15, 7 and 5 minutes to 11:58, night, SUNDAY—5:55, 6:25, a. m., and intervals of 15 and 10 minutes to 11:28, p. m.

Arlington Centre via Medford Hill—5:05, 5:35, a. m., and intervals of 1, 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 12:10, night, SUNDAY—5:55, 6:30, a. m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11:28, night.

Night Service to Adams Sq. By connection at Winter Hill with Medford Adams Sq. car, 12:45, 1:20, 2:20, 3:20, 4:20, a. m., Medford car leaves Adams Sq. 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, a. m.

ELEVATED LINES.

Elevated trains run between Sullivan Square and Dudley street via the Tunnel, from 5:30, a. m., to 12:30, night. SUNDAY—5:54, a. m., to 12:30, night.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President.

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July 2

RACING PIGEONS.

Their Wonderful Speed and Mysterious Homing Instinct.

Racing pigeons are the fleetest of all creatures. They have maintained a speed of a mile and a half a minute for a hundred miles, according to a writer in Collier's, and they have flown 700 miles between the rising and the setting of the sun.

Pigeons have flown a thousand miles back to the home loft. In 1904 a bird covered that distance in 5 days 2 hours 15 minutes, proving how unerring is the mysterious homing instinct that will drive pigeons across the continent without swerving. But this test is not true sport. The birds simply hurl themselves against time and space till they are played out. They can never race again.

The racer rises into the air with heavy, slow wing pulsations; then, once poised over the starting point, there is a swifter, shorter beat, and the time is "hit up" to the third and permanent wing rhythm, rapid and steady as a pulse beat, which carries it home.

Racers fly 300 feet high over land, but low over water. Their enemies as they fly are wind, rain, gunners and hawks. They do all their flying between sunrise and sunset. If caught out over night they feed for themselves till dawn.

The homing instinct is lifelong. During the Franco-Prussian war the Germans caught a homing pigeon which was on its way into beleaguered Paris. The bird was kept prisoner for ten years. It was then released. It immediately returned to its old home.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

How the Paving Value of Asphalt Was Brought to Notice.

All forms of bituminous pavements, whether manufactured from natural or artificial asphalt, are in fact artificial stone pavements. The industry started with the use of the natural rock asphalt from the mines in the Val de Travers, Canton Neuchâtel, Switzerland. The mines were discovered in 1721, but it was in 1849 that its utility as a road covering was first noticed. The rock was then being mined for the purpose of extracting the bitumen contained in it for use in medicine and arts. It is a limestone found impregnated with bitumen, of which it yields on analysis from 8 to 14 per cent.

It was observed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagon were crushed by the weight of wheels, and under the combined influence of the traffic and heat of the sun a good road surface was produced. A macadam road of asphalt rock was then made which gave very good results, and finally in 1854 a portion of the Rue Bergère was laid in Paris of compressed asphalt on a concrete foundation. In 1858 a still larger sample was laid, and from that time it has been laid year by year in Paris. From Paris it extended to London, being laid on Threadneedle street in 1869 and Chesham street in 1870 and in successive years on other streets, and then its use in street and road-making extended to other countries. — Exchange.

Followed the Book.

"Die, Bertrand Mastravere!" hissed the villain. And the hero of the piece prepared to fall and perish, as per instructions of the prompt book.

But, alack, the revolver with which the fell deed was to be executed failed to do its horrid work. The villain, however, was a man of resource.

He stole behind his victim and smote him on the head with the butt end of the refractory weapon, and the hero, thinking one death as good as another, fell to the ground.

All would have gone well now, but the promoted super, who was taking the part of the policeman who discovered the body, was late in taking his cue. He walked on and in due course found the body. He was not a funny man by any means, but still his first words caused a yell of laughter.

"Shot!" he cried tragically. "He's been shot through the back!"—London Scraps.

A Peculiarity of Dreams.

As to dreams, there was a discussion at the club lunch, and one man remarked that no man dreamed of himself as braver than he is. When the dream came the dreamer was always the underdog. He was in horrible danger and never did anything picturesque to face it. There may be men who are brave in their sleep, but it would be interesting to find one man outside of the dozen sleeping cowards who is a hero in a dream.—London Chronicle.

A Disappointment.

"Uncle Jed!" asked his neighbor, "how is your boy getting along at college?"

"First rate," answered Uncle Jed. "He hasn't cost me a cent. He's working his way through, he's winning all the class honors, and they've promised him a professorship of some kind."

"Great Scott!" gasped his neighbor, "is that all he is doing? With that big husky frame of his I supposed he'd be playing center by this time!"—Chicago Tribune.

Making a Life.

Many a man has made a good living who has made a poor life. Some men have made splendid lives who have made very moderate and even scanty livings.—Success Magazine.

The Shaky Ladder.

Many a man has spent the best years of his life climbing the ladder of fame only to have the thing tilt over backward just as he grasped the last rung.—Chicago Record-Herald.

NEW SHORT STORIES

After a long and arduous journey, the crowd down at the tunnel entrance, and defeating them all L. A. Griffin got it into his head that he must be a real loud noise as checkerist.

Que day he went to the home of D. S. Craig to discuss a piece of work, and while there he saw two or three different kinds of checkerboards lying about Craig's library. The men to be played on these boards were fancy, too, some of aluminum, some of ivory and many of them handsomely carved.

"You must go in for checkers," remarked Griffin casually.

"Yes," admitted Craig. "I used to play the game once in awhile in the evenings."

"Suppose we play a game or two," suggested Griffin.

So Craig got out one of his fancy boards, and they played. Griffin won.



"THIS IS A GAME THAT REQUIRES A LOT OF PRACTICE."

just as he expected he would. They played another game, and again Griffin won.

"This is a game that requires a lot of practice, of course," he remarked magnanimously to Craig. "You probably haven't been playing for some time."

"Oh, well, we'll try another," says Craig. "Mebby I'll catch on to it again by and by. I must use some other system."

That time Craig won and the next time and the time after that. They played about fifty more games, and Craig won them all. Toward the last he gave Griffin a handicap by using only about half the usual number of men, but it made no difference.

The next day Griffin told a friend about his experience.

"Yes," commented the friend, "he's the secretary of the Cleveland Checker club and about the best around these parts, I guess."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Harder Than Farm Work.

Speaking of football the other day, Judge John G. Horner of Mount Holly, who is a warm admirer of the great collegiate game, told a story of a farmer whose son was on one of the big academy teams. The boy, according to the judge, was sent to college by his indulgent father and on making the first eleven sent word to the paternal relative to come and see him play in an important contest.

The farmer complied and for an hour sat and watched the husky youth pick up several tons of humanity and throw it all over the gridiron. The more the son struggled the more the father stared, and, noticing the old man's rapt attention, one of the professors went over to him.

"You seem to marvel at your son's wonderful performance," remarked the professor.

"I kind o' kalkerlate that I do," replied the father. "You fellers down at this college hev got me beat like a bay mule pacin' agin an auterble."

"In what way?" asked the professor.

"Why, jes' look at him," returned the old man. "All the coxin', cussin' and drivin' that I knowed how ter do couldn't make him work as hard as that down on ther farm."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Report of a Canon.

Canon Hensley Henson during his lectures at Yale said at a dinner in New Haven:

"In my condemnation of this American custom I was mistaken. Yes, I was as ludicrously mistaken as the woman in the third class smoker."

"At Banbury a half dozen young Methodist ministers once boarded a third class smoker wherein sat a frouzy woman smelling of beer. The young ministers had been attending a ministerial conference. In their black garb they conversed gravely on conference affairs, while the frouzy woman nodded in her corner."

"As the train approached the long tunnel the woman roused herself. She pinned back lazily a tail of hair that had fallen on her shoulder, and she fixed her glassy eyes on the six pale, black clad divines. Then she took from her basket a huge bread knife."

"Making a few unsteady flourishes and lunges in the air with the knife, she said fiercely:

"Don't none o' you boys try none o' yer tricks on me in the tunnel, mind, or I'll open ye."—Washington Post.

THE BEST MAN.

At One Time He Was More Useful Than Ornamental.

Do you know how "the best man," who plays so important a part in marriages that have any pretense to be fashionable, once upon a time in Sweden occupied a position that was useful as well as ornamental?

In olden days the Swedish bridegroom found it desirable, in fact, to have several "best men" to defend him from the assaults of rivals and prevent them from carrying away his bride. The Scandinavian warrior of ancient times was far too lofty in his ideas to condescend to plead for a maiden's hand. So he patiently waited until some other man who was more gallant had obtained the fair one's consent.

Then when all the details had been nicely arranged the proud warrior, with a body of well trained retainers, dashed down on the wedding party and, if strong enough, carried away the bride.

The "best men" (and it was very essential that they should be the best men in those days) therefore became necessary fixtures to marriage ceremonies, and they were so well esteemed and their popularity became so permanent that when the reason for their existence was in course of time removed they were still retained.—Pearson's Weekly.

A HARD WORKER.

His Soiled Appearance Brought Him a Raise in Salary.

The eccentric proprietor of a large newspaper in London had a way of appearing in the composing and press rooms at the most unexpected times, and as his visits often resulted in a general shakeup of the working forces of the paper they were awaited with fear and trembling by the employees.

One time one of the pressmen, an excellent workman, who had been there many years, but was sometimes guilty of a lapse of sobriety, had a black eye and was in a quandary as to what excuse he should offer if the proprietor noticed it. By a sudden inspiration he seized an ink roller and daubed some ink on his face, quite covering the discoloration. Presently the governor came in and, with the foreman, went through the room, commenting on every detail and looking very sharply at every workman. When about to leave he suddenly pointed to the inky pressman and said, "What is that man's name?"

The man quaked in his shoes until he heard the governor continue slowly: "I want you to give that man 5 shillings a week more wages. He is the only man in the room who looks as if he had been working."—London Telegraph.

Bird's Sense of Direction.

The migratory instinct in birds is combined with another equally mysterious, that of the sense of direction. A gentleman engaged in scientific research work for the fishery board on board the government steamboat Gold Seeker recorded a very interesting observation he made of this characteristic of migratory bird life. An oyster catcher that was being buffeted by a head wind in its eastern flight across the North sea toward the continental shores alighted on the boat. It took kindly to the attention paid to it so long as the boat kept its easterly course, but when the course of the boat was altered a few points to the northward the bird immediately showed signs of uneasiness and after an apparent consideration of its bearings flew into the darkness of the night on its eastbound course. The alteration in the boat's course was revealed to those who were watching the bird only when the compass was examined.—Scotsman.

Norway's Many Meals.

Among the well to do in Norway the frequency of meals and lighter refreshments is something startling, at least to the average American—breakfast at 9, dinner at 3, coffee at 3.30, regular tea, with many dishes, in English style, at 4.30, supper at 7, and at 11 nature is finally fortified with further nutriment for the long, radiant night. These long, radiant nights, by the way, are a constant peril to Christians. They encourage many forms of dissipation and immorality, much as the corresponding darkness of the long winter brings in its train a certain sordid depression, both mental and physical.—Caroline Thurber in Century.

Stage Fright.

"They tell me your husband has become one of the easiest and most graceful after dinner speakers in the city. I understand he has no end of engagements."

"Yes, and I have to sit up and give him a good dinner after every one of them."

"After every banquet?"

"Yes. When he knows they are going to call on him to speak he's always too scared to eat."—New York Journal.

Wrong Method.

He breathed his vow, yet still she regarded him with disdain.

"It is from my heart of hearts!" he protested.

"Where did you go to school that you breathe from your heart of hearts rather than from your diaphragm?" she demanded severely.—Puck.

Success.

Some men act upon the principle that in order to be successful in business it is always necessary to compel other people to wait in the anteroom.—Exchange.

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WE STRIVE TO PLEASE

PLUCKING LIVE GEESSE

An Operation Necessary to Produce Good Feathers.

LOCKING THE BIRDS' WINGS.

This Trick Performed and Their Legs Bandaged Together, the Helpless Geese Are Ready, if Not Willing, Victims For the Expert Pluckers.

"Yes," said a manufacturer and dealer in bed furnishings, "it is necessary that goose feathers should be taken from the live goose if we are to study the health and comfort of people who think they must have feather beds and pillows. Dead goose feathers are not much better than husks to lie on and have not that great virtue of husks—wholesomeness."

"They say it doesn't hurt a goose to pluck it, but it seems to me that one might as well say that it wouldn't hurt a man to have his whiskers yanked out by the handful. The reason they give for believing a goose doesn't suffer when its feathers are being plucked out of it is that it never squawks or squeaks or makes a fuss while the plucking is going on."

"Now, I believe it hurts a goose like the mischief to have its feathers pulled out, coming as they do from the tenderest spots on its body, and the reason the fowl doesn't utter any protest prompted by pain is, according to the way I have sized goose up, because it is such a blame fool. A goose will squawk and clatter and cackle as if it were suffering more agony than a horse with the colic just at the mere sight of you, but if you corner it up and pelt it with stones it seems to forget that it has a voice and will take all the punishment you give it without a further word."

"The Pennsylvania Dutch farmers pluck geese today just the same as their forebears did time out of mind, and I don't know as there is any other way. It certainly couldn't be made any pleasanter for the goose unless the plucker held chloroform or something like that to its nose while the plucking was going on. The geese to be bereft of their feathers are first got together in an inclosure used for the purpose. The perspicacity of geese may be strikingly made known to you when they are being rounded up in such an inclosure if there should happen to be a knothole in one end of it, the door being at the other. That door may be six feet high and three broad, but goose after goose will ignore it and try its best to get through the knothole. Audacious, though, to try the door, every goose will bob its head down as it passes through for fear of knocking it against the top of the door jamb, six feet above."

"There is a man or a boy in every neighborhood where geese are plucked who is an expert in getting the geese ready for the process. Not every one can do that. The wings of the geese have to be locked together by a peculiar arrangement of the two near the shoulder, and, while they are not tied or fastened in any other way, the lock is such that no goose can unlock it. The geese's feet are tied together with a broad band of soft muslin. Then it is ready for the plucker."

"The pluckers, who are almost always women, go among the geese with their heads and faces entirely covered with hoods fastened around the neck with a shirring string. There are holes in the hoods for the eyes and also at the nose to supply fresh air for breathing. From the neck down the pluckers are covered with a glazed muslin garment to which no feather or down will cling. The pluckers will sit on low stools around a large and perfectly dry tub. Each takes in her lap a goose made helpless by its interlocked wings and bound legs and with rapid plying of her fingers separates the feathers from it. This is done with such skill, though, that the plucker rarely breaks the goose's skin or causes blood to follow the plucking out of a feather. The air is constantly filled with the light feathers during the plucking, but they settle into the tub at last."

"But there isn't as much call for the geese to undergo this rapping of its feathers as there used to be. Not one pound of goose feathers is used today where there were fifty pounds twenty-five years ago. Odd as it may seem, asthma and hay fever long ago began to have a good deal to do with decreasing the demand for feather beds and pillows. It was discovered that asthma and hay fever had an affinity for such couches and head rests; that nothing would start an asthmatic off for a cheerful night's wheezing so quickly as a feather bed. This discovery spread, and the goose owes a great deal of its later day comfort to the asthma."—Detroit Free Press.

She Had Enough.

As Mrs. May of Birchdale Corners was leaving the exhibition hall of the county fair a man stepped out of a booth and accosted her.

"Won't you enter," said he, "and see the startling spenhariscopic scintillations of radium?"

Mrs. May shook her head—with a smile, however, for she is courteous if not scientific.

"I'm obliged to you," she said, "but my bag is chock full of samples now."—Youth's Companion.

Made Very Clear.

Tommy—Pop, which is correct, "I shall" or "I will?" Tommy's Pop—It depends on the sex, my son. A man says "I shall" and a woman says "I will."—Philadelphia Record.

Make your life your monument.—Ben Jonson.

SAFES IN BIG HOTELS.

Valuables Kept In Them by Guests For Years at a Time.

A woman walked up to the counter of a fashionable hotel and asked for a package of valuables which was in the safe.

"If I had not wanted one particular thing I suppose I should have left the package where it was for another three years," she said to the clerk.

"Yes," said the clerk in answer to a question after the woman left, "that package had really been in our safe for three years. Why, we have all sorts of valuable papers, jewelry and even money that are intrusted to our keeping for years at a time. People seem to prefer a hotel safe to a safety deposit vault. One reason perhaps is that it costs nothing. Another is that the standard of hotel clerks has improved."

"It is astonishing the amount of jewelry that people keep in hotel safes. Of course the owners have originally stopped in the hotel, but they go away, leaving their valuables, and I have known such persons to be gone as much as two years and never make an inquiry about their property in that time."

"To show you how much confidence people have in hotels and their employees I might mention that the other day a man came in here and put four \$1,000 bills in an envelope, wrote his name on the latter and asked me to put it in the safe. Not long ago another man actually did the same thing with seven \$10,000 bills."

The clerks of several other hotels talked in a similar strain without any outside suggestion.

"I'll bet I have handled more than a million dollars' worth of jewelry today," said one. "Look here," and he opened the safe and piled six or eight big jewelry cases on the counter, but hurriedly put them back. "In one of those I know there is over \$200,000 worth, and what I showed you was only a few of what the safe contains."—New York Sun.

A RESTRAINING HAND.

Its Action Followed by a Voice That Warned.

"Patrick H. McCarren once told me of a funny incident that happened in Rome," said a Brooklyn lawyer. "McCarren said that on his first visit to Rome, after he had seen the Coliseum and the Forum, he visited the Ara Coeli church, on the left of the Capitoline hill. He climbed the grand stairway leading to the church, the finest open air stairway in the world. He pushed back the heavy leather curtain, and, entering, he found a service in progress. So he put his hat on the marble floor at his side and took a seat."

"After ten minutes or so he decided he would go and reached down for his hat. But a restraining hand was laid on his, and he desisted. He knew, of course, that some churches don't like people to leave in the midst of a service."

"Ten or fifteen minutes more passed. The service still continued. Senator McCarren got impatient and again reached for his hat. But again the unseen hand restrained him from the rear."

"A little later, however, the senator quite lost patience. This was, he told himself, an important service, of course. Nevertheless he did not propose to miss his luncheon, and it would harm no one if he slipped out quietly. "So a third time he reached for his hat, and the invisible hand a third time detained him. He persevered, however. The silent hand pushed, and his silent hand pushed against it. But just as he was conquering in the struggle a voice said in good American: "Cheese it, boss; that's my hat you're taking."—Exchange.

Could Prove It.

A few days ago an alderman was glancing over the register at one of the local hotels to see if a friend of his was registered there. Near him stood a man who was holding on to the desk for dear life in a semisuccessful attempt to maintain his balance.

"I s-s-pose you think I'm drunk?" said the stranger, looking belligerently at the alderman.

"No; not in the least," replied the alderman, anxious to avoid the possibility of a row.

"Well, you'd know I was if I let go this desk," answered the man.—Newark Star.

"Chinese" Gordon.

It was there that I saw General Gordon for the only time. He was a curiously listless looking, nervous little man, with a sort of furtive look and expression as if he always anticipated something unpleasant. He was not agreeable or encouraging, and he gave very little outward evidence of the power and influence he possessed. He spoke little and seemed bored when he was addressed or asked any question.—Lady St. Heller's Memoirs.

Spartan Self Denial.

When Mr. D., known to be miserly, but not believed to be a miser, was approached delicately for a contribution to the organ fund, he shook his head courteously, but with an air of finality.

"Charity," he said, "is a pleasure one must do without."

What the Band Did.

"Here's a heading in this paper which says, 'Badly Mutilated by a Mounted Band.'"

"What was the name of the piece the band was mutilating?"—Yonkers Statesman.

If you wish for anything which belongs to another you lose that which is your own.—Epictetus.

Arlington Advocate

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Arlington, January 1, 1910.

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Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 75 "
Advertisements, per inch, 10 "
" one-half inch, 50 "
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Entered at the Boston postoffice (Arlington Station) as second class matter.

A Record Storm.

"The light of other days" was, almost everywhere in this section, brought into requisition last Sunday evening. In all directions the electric light wires had been prostrated by the blizzard raging for twenty-four hours from seven o'clock on Saturday evening, and there was no other recourse. But this was simply an inconvenience and as nothing compared to what people living along the coast of Massachusetts bay experienced. At Chelsea an entirely new disaster overwhelmed that twice stricken city, this time a tidal wave crushing the sea wall, overwhelming it, instead of devastating fire. Over two thousand people were rendered homeless for a time at least, there was heavy damage to property and two lives were lost. To a less extent East Boston, Swampscott, Winthrop and Everett were sufferers by this wind-driven water and the water front of Boston did not escape, Atlantic avenue being flooded by the inflowing tide. The weather bureau reports it the severest flood of this northern coast of the bay since that storm of 1851 when the original Minot's Ledge light house was swept away. We remember vividly the wrecked appearance of Commercial street immediately after the retirement of the water with the retreating tide, as we visited one of the basement stores on that water front the morning after the storm, and can imagine what Atlantic avenue looked like on Sunday.

The coast line of the bay was not alone a scene of disaster on Sunday. Railroad trains were tied up, electric light wires were prostrated and a heavy embargo was laid on electric car travel except on the elevated section and in the subway. This was natural, for over a foot of snow fell, during most of the time a high wind prevailed, reaching at one time the velocity of eighty-five miles an hour.

The thing most to be dreaded in Arlington was the interruption of the fire alarm service, but happily there was no occasion to use it before Supt. LeBaron had re-established lines in the centre and not long afterwards the whole system was in working order. Travel on the Middlesex Central branch of the B. & M. R. R. was interrupted by the falling of an electric wire pole near the Lake street station, but this was not material, as few trains are run on Sunday.

Lexington escaped any serious inconvenience because of the storm. The Lexington & Boston Street Railway Co. kept its main line open on Sunday, running a car, hitched to a snow plow through at intervals of about two hours. Church services were postponed and Christmas festivals will take place next Sunday. Many fine trees were broken and a few wires went down, but on the whole the town escaped better than many others in this section.

A curious effect of this storm was noted on Monday morning, when every exposed building was found well plastered over with snow on all four sides, showing that while the temperature was still sufficient to produce moist snow, the wind blew from all points of the compass. Another was to what large extent trees and wires were covered with a heavy coating of snow. With the bright sunlight of Monday morning flooding this scene, it was one of rare beauty.

Disasters to vessels on the bay, of necessity, followed or came with a storm such as has been outlined. One large five masted schooner and twelve smaller craft were damaged or wrecked and on the former, the Davis Palmer, twelve men lost their lives, when the vessel went to pieces on "The Graves," almost within sight of Hull, where much of the wreckage, including a name plate, washed ashore.

Middlesex County G. A. R. Association held a session at Wakefield on Tuesday. The W. R. C. Ass'n met at the same time and place and a joint session was held in the armory building of Co. A, 5th Mass. Vol. Inf., in the afternoon. This made a large body to be entertained by the formalities of the meeting and a program arranged by the local Corps. Post 36, of Arlington, was well represented, and Past-Commander Ira F. Burnham, of Post 119, Lexington, was chosen to the second office in the gift of the association. Department Commander John L. Parker and several of his staff were guests; also, Dept. President Mrs. Sawyer and several of her associates. The next meeting will be held in Everett, March 28.

The bursting of a 48-inch water pipe in Harvard square, Cambridge, on the evening of December 24, caused a vast amount of damage through wash-outs and

ruining of property stored in basements and cellars. Car travel was interrupted for a while, as there was considerable delay in shutting the gate controlling this section of the system.

Close upon the heels of the decision of the Danish scientists on the claim of Dr. Cook that he had reached the north pole, comes the story of Cook's departure from this country, told by his most intimate friend, the custodian of his "records," and a staunch defender of Dr. Cook even after the adverse decision of his chosen judges. First Dr. Cook slipped away from his friends by a trick. Free of them he had his moustache shaved off, bought a new hat and otherwise disguising himself, then slipped away to Europe. This was on the day he was to appear, by his own appointment, and substantiate his claim to having climbed to the top of Mt. McKinley. Since that day he has not been seen by any one able to identify him, and his wife sends word from abroad that she has been unable to locate or obtain any word from him.

Suburban life begins the new year and its tenth volume with a magazine which is filled with beautiful pictures, entertaining reading matter and practical suggestions for every one who owns a home or a bit of land. Two particularly entertaining articles in this number are "The Man of the House," by John Kendrick Bangs, which is full of choice humor, and "A Comrade of the Wilds," by George Wharton James, in which the author makes many statements which will arouse much comment. "Shenandoah, the Best Type of Iowa's Small Town," is the first of a series of articles in regard to small communities in various parts of the country.

Monday afternoon, about quarter past four, a semi-converter electric bound for Sullivan Sq., was disabled at the turn-out on Mass. avenue, just opposite Medford street. This held up, for a quarter of an hour, cars going in all directions. The difficulty was finally overcome by attaching a Park St. car to the disabled one and pushing the latter onto the Broadway line to leave the coast clear for cars inward and outward bound. The car on the Lexington line coupled onto the disabled car and pushed it down to the car barn on Broadway.

That we never quite appreciate our blessings till they have taken wing was saileantly illustrated at Arlington this week, when for three days the town was without its electric light service. We were all quit lost without it and decidedly in the dark, while the convenience as a labor saving device was most apparent to the housekeeper and domestic.

\$160,000 worth of land sold in the town of Arlington for the Squire estate is a record-breaker in land development. Among the many who purchased the past week, the Edward T. Harrington Co. report the following:—

Lot 242, having 50 feet frontage on Randolph street, containing 4,000 sq. ft., sold to Edwin S. McGregor of Somerville, Mass.

Lot 3, on Harlow street, containing 6,707 sq. ft., with 50 ft. frontage, sold to D. W. Cutter of Medford.

Lot 205, having 50 feet frontage on Mass. avenue, containing 7,300 sq. ft., sold to G. E. Smith of Andover, Mass.

Deed has gone to record on lot 227, having 74 feet frontage on Freeman street and 97 feet frontage on new boulevard, known as Orris road. Walter E. Silaby, of Boston, takes title.

Listen for the sounding of the huntsman's horn. President A. M. Tucker, (of Lexington) of the New England Fox Hunting Club has issued his mandate for a winter hunt for Reynard, in the good old township of Bedford. It will open on Jan. 10th and last four days. The Bedford House will be the headquarters for the "meet." Everything being equal no end of sport is anticipated.

Burton Holmes, of Travelogue fame, who has just completed his fourth circling of the globe, begins his annual appearance here, five weeks earlier than last season. His subjects will be of unusual interest, and by far the finest pictorially of any series given by Mr. Holmes during his seventeen years before the public. "From the Indian Ocean to the Arctic" is the comprehensive title under which his five subjects are grouped. It is a far cry from Ceylon to Norway, but Mr. Holmes proposes to lead his fellow-travellers by a path of unusual scenic magnificence, starting with the Paradise of the Indian Ocean, leading through the cosmopolitan Cairo and up the mysterious Nile, and from thence through a Sicily of scenic beauty. Mr. Holmes will personally deliver the series to begin at Tremont Temple, Boston, on Friday evening, Jan. 7, at 8.15, and on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 8, at 2.15.

"What is there wrong with our public schools." The foregoing is the generic title of an extraordinary series of six special articles, by Joseph M. Rogers, to be published in Lippincott's Magazine, beginning with the January issue. Notice that there is no interrogation point after the title. It is not a question. Mr. Rogers is dealing with facts—facts ascertained by him after months of the most arduous and careful research. Says Mr. Rogers:—

"There is something wrong with the public schools. More than that, there is something fundamentally wrong with our theories of education. We teach, but we do not educate. We spend a good deal of money and energy to little pur-

pose. It is not necessary to prove these statements. They are admitted by educators, from university presidents to primary teachers; by school administrators, from state and federal officials down to those in the smallest country districts; by parents the country over; while children themselves are, of course, dissatisfied. This series of articles is designed to examine—untechnically—the defects of existing systems, offer some constructive criticism, and make suggestions looking toward improvement. It is hoped through them to arouse among both parents and teachers a deeper interest in the needs of our public schools, to the end that there may be less complaining and more intelligent effort to amend conditions."

The "Dust Disease," is the name given by a writer in one of the medical journals some time since to a train of symptoms seemingly always excited by the breathing in of dust. The symptoms sometimes resemble those of an ordinary cold, or they may be like the inhalation of dust and not exposure to a bilious attack or an acute indigestion. That the disease is distinct from any of those which it resembles is thought to be shown by the fact that it always follows the inhalation of dust and not exposure to cold, sitting in a draft, indigestion in diet, eyestrain, or other of the usual producers of similar symptoms.

Brief News Items.

President Taft spent Christmas quietly at the White House. There was a profusion of timely gifts.

A daughter of Samuel C. Clemens, subject to attacks of epilepsy, was drowned in a bath tub at her home a few days ago.

Carl Zerrahn, for forty-two years conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, died at his home in Milton on Tuesday, aged 84 years.

The Intercollegiate Ath. Ass'n, in session in New York, has voted to change foot ball rules very materially, hoping to reduce chances of accidents.

The attendance at churches, last Sunday, was very thin. Music prepared for that occasion (also sermons, we presume) will be the program for next Sunday.

We had a white Christmas season in 1909, even if the 25th of December was green during daylight. The landscape was white enough soon after darkness set in.

The deposed dictator Zelaya of Nicaragua has claimed asylum on board a Mexican gunboat and so avoided answering to the U. S. government for the murder of two Americans. It is understood he has a large fortune on deposit in foreign lands.

The founder of Radcliffe College, Arthur Gilman, died at Atlantic City, Dec. 28. The college as it now exists was the outcome of the Gilman School for Girls established in Cambridge many years ago. Mr. Gilman was the author of several well known books.

The story that Senator Lodge would accept appointment as U. S. Minister to England, has again been denied. There are a lot of people who evidently want to dispose of him, but the great bulk of his party desire to continue him in his present office where he stands conspicuous among the ablest men in the U. S. Senate.

Deaths.

SMITH.—In Lexington, Dec. 28, Kate J. Smith, aged 94 years, 3 months.

TURNER.—In Lexington, Dec. 26, Frederick W. Turner, aged 52 years, 4 months.

MAHONEY.—In Lexington, Dec. 28, Bartholomay Mahoney, aged 76 years.

FARRINGTON.—In Arlington, Dec. 28, Nora, widow of the late Thomas Farrington, aged 41 years.

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PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the State Board of Insanity, the next of kin and all persons interested in the estate of NEHEMIAH H. CUTTER, of Arlington, in said County, an insane person.

Whereas, Byron B. Johnson, the guardian of said insane person, has presented his petition for license to sell at private sale, in accordance with the order named in said petition or upon such terms as may be adjudged best, certain real estate therein specified, of his ward for investment.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the nineteenth day of January, A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to each of you fourteen days, at least, before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Arlington Advocate, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day, at least, before citation to the State Board of Insanity seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of December, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

1Jan9w W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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Theatre Notes.

Interest in the present engagement of Margaret Anglin at the Colonial Theatre in Boston has grown considerably in the last few days and this is aided to a marked extent by the fact that so prominent a Boston lady as Mrs. Margaret Deland is identified with the engagement as the authoress of the book from which the play has been taken. Miss Anglin, who has long been a prime favorite with Boston playgoers, has not been seen here since she went to Australia a year and a half ago. As Deland she is credited by the eminent critics with giving the most finished and artistic performance of her career.

"Bright Eyes" has started off in the liveliest fashion at the Castle Square. The past week has seen nothing but large audiences whose enthusiasm over Mr. Friebus's new musical comedy is unmeasured, and the beginning of another week on Monday indicates a continuance of its success. The John Craig Stock Company has no small share in the success of "Bright Eyes." Mary Young is delightful as the heroine, Jessie Briggs, and the burden of the fun-making falls on the shoulders of George Hassell and Donald Meek, who impersonate those well known Boston characters, Dr. Watch and Dr. Ward. Gertrude Binley plays a romantic tropical belle to perfection, Florence Shirley makes a illusive fairy queen, and Al Roberts a comic Chinaman, while Bert Young, Wilfred Young, Mark Coleman and William Wald, Mr. Friebus and half a hundred others are all well cast.

"Bright Eyes" is an instantaneous, spectacular success at the Boston Theatre. It is by the same authors as "Three Twins," a recent phenomenal success at the Boston Theatre and is produced by the same enterprising producing manager, Mr. Joe M. Gaites. The production is elaborate in the extreme. The three scenes, the first representing the stage of a theatre during a rehearsal, the second a carriage house and the third, an elaborate lawn and garden, are all novel in design and each is a masterpiece of the stage carpenter's and the scene painter's arts. A number of novel mechanical and electrical effects, the secrets of which are being closely guarded until patents can be secured, are introduced into the company, which includes a very large chorus of pretty girls who can both sing and dance, is composed of well-known players headed by the popular fun-makers Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook. The song hits are numerous. The costumes are of bewildering beauty. The matinee performances are on Wednesday and Saturday.

The most important vaudeville engagement announced in years is that of the veteran actor Denham Thompson, who will appear at Keefe's January 3rd. For more than 20 years Mr. Thompson has not appeared in anything except his famous play "The Old Homestead," which is still on the road with another actor in his part. He has been anxious, however, for a long time to return to the stage in the short comedy in which he first attained fame and from which "The Old Homestead" originated. It is called "Joshua Whitcomb" and the leading character of which still appears in "The Old Homestead." Mr. Thompson, now nearly 80, is as vigorous and active as ever, but hardly equal to the requirements of a long play. One of the strongest features in this line will be Will Murphy and Blanche Nichols in a new version of their famous sketch called "The Rehearsal." On the same bill will be the Great Lester, America's premier ventriloquist, who after his performance walks through the audience with a dummy singing a popular song. Other features will be Smith and Campbell in the new sketch called "Camping Out," Cowley Williams in a novel exhibition, "Travato," the famous violinist; the Clever Trio; and a number of others.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," as dramatized by Charlotte Thompson and Kate Douglas Wiggin, which comes to the Tremont, Jan. 3rd, promises to prove one of the most interesting dramatic offerings of the year, if not of the decade. The play combines all the popular appeal of such time-honored successes as "The Old Homestead" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and the cleanliness of "Ben Hur." Rebecca, whose fortunes are followed from childhood to maidenhood, is a unique personality and one that lends itself readily to stage purposes. Miss Thompson has taken full advantage of this fact and the result is one of the most charming characters ever presented to the amusement loving public. As the play unfolds in quaint New England characters, so does the play Simpson, the two maiden aunts, the kindly old stage driver; Emma Jane, the "bosom friend" and the other simple Maine folks among whom Rebecca lives, are represented and under the skillful handling of the adapter, Charlotte Thompson, they become living, breathing characters of the type that the advent of the summer boarder in the small New England town has rendered almost extinct.

There are only a few real light comedians on the American stage and of these John Drew is easily the most distinguished and the most deservedly popular. His annual engagements at the Hollis Street Theatre are always events which attract the most fashionable and the smartest audiences of the season. On Monday night, Jan. 3rd, he begins an engagement of two weeks in his latest comedy success, "Inconstant George." A certain sentimental interest will attach to this occasion inasmuch as it will mark Mr. Drew's first return to the stage since his recent accident in Central Park, New York, an accident which required the sudden ending of his run at the Empire Theatre. "Inconstant George" is a Parisian gentleman of the world without a serious motive or a sincere propelling principle. This gentleman is somewhat unusual in that he suffers from a mild form of neurosthenia which he himself calls "anemia of the will power." This renders it impossible for him to make decisions and keep him constantly entangled in four or five love affairs. Mr. Drew has never acted with a lighter touch or with more subtle charm than he employs in this play and he is ably seconded by Miss Mary Boland, who plays the part of a simple, but amazingly frank and out-spoken country girl who finally succeeds in winding the world-wise George around her little finger. In the cast include Adelaide Pringer, Desmond Kelley, Jane Laurel, Martin Sabine, Rex McDougall and Frederick Tiden. Charles Frohman has provided the play with a series of settings which reveal that rare good taste so characteristic of this foremost producer.

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EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

A Happy New Year to all our readers.

Miss Pearl E. Wright spent Christmas at Cambridge.

Glady Wright and Emma Austin recited poems at the Xmas tree.

Miss Dorothy Nunn, of Simmons College, is spending her vacation at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdell are moving from a part of the double house on Locust avenue, to Watertown.

Tuesday morning Madam Tower and Miss Ellen M. Tower left for their winter home at the south.

Miss Marion Jewett, we hear, is going to do kindergarten teaching work at Plainville, near Attleboro.

Mr. Maurice Thompson is enjoying a vacation. He is a student at Technology. He spent a portion of it at Kingston.

Cards received from Miss Dorothy Wentworth, from Durant, Miss., state that her grandfather and herself are well.

Mr. George Thompson is at home from Harvard and reports to us that he enjoys his life there. He is in the Freshman class.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Worthen, of Maple street, entertained a family party and enjoyed a Christmas tree last week Saturday.

The Colonial Orchestra enjoyed their usual fortnightly dance last Friday evening and had a merry introduction for Christmas.

Mrs. Loring Pierce entertained her usual family party Christmas, when children and grand-children always enjoy the day.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Page, of Independence avenue, had a large group of relatives at the Xmas dinner and they enjoyed a merry time.

News is a scarce commodity with nothing of Sunday to narrate, for it was impossible to open the church, either morning or evening.

Saturday there was a large party of relatives at the Christmas dinner at Mr. Richard G. Tower's. Of course the tree for children had a prominent place.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Long are at Mrs. Long's home for the winter; or, rather, Mrs. Long and the baby will be here but her husband will be away on business.

Christmas has been, but not gone, for it still lives in the hearts of many with its precious remembrances. It has been truly said it is the most unselfish day in all the year. The day when the whole Christian world is at one in purpose and in deed.

Where are the street letter boxes, is the question asked very significantly by those who are not in close proximity to the old post office. Notwithstanding the more than faithful and obliging carriers, there are times when the exodus of our letters would be much facilitated by the street boxes. The posts stand like sentinels and have thus stood for weeks, naked and bare of any equipment. How long is this state of things to exist, is the question which we are requested to ask each week.

There was a fine Xmas tree at Follen vestry, Friday evening, the 24th, and a large number of parents and children. The decorations were full of Christmas suggestions, and a large tree was hung with presents, bags of candy and popped corn. There was a very pretty play given by the children entitled "The Toys' Rebellion," which was acted by fifteen or more children. The toys were represented by children. One says, "My heart is sadly sinking, because some ill will soon befall each one of us I'm thinking." Two girls recited and there were some pretty songs interspersed in the play. All

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS LOCALS.

—Mildred Partridge gives a New Year's party this Friday evening.

—Elizabeth Taylor has been entertaining, this week, Hazel Brown, of Wolfboro, N. H.

—The annual meeting of Park Avenue church and congregation will be held Jan. 11. Supper at 6.30.

—The "at home" of the Misses Hunt takes place this Saturday afternoon and evening from four to ten o'clock.

—The John A. Curriers entertained a large family party at their home, on Claremont avenue, on Christmas day.

—The "Moonshine party" occurs this Saturday evening, New Year's night, at "Idahurst," the home of Mrs. Nellie M. Farmer.

—The Christmas concert of the Baptist church, postponed from last Sabbath, will be given this coming Sabbath at seven o'clock.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Vaughn and two children spent Christmas at Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Vaughn went a few days before the holiday and remained until the middle of this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Learned entertained a family party at dinner on Christmas which included Mr. Learned's mother and his sister, besides the Charles O. Wentworths, of East Lexington.

—The entertainment that was to have taken place this week, Tuesday evening, in Park Avenue church, provided by the men interested in the Friday Social Club, has been postponed for another month.

—The rehearsal of the Singers' Club had to be omitted this week on account of there not being any means of lighting Crescent Hall, owing to the crippled condition of the electric light service which furnishes the hall.

—Mr. George H. Averill entertained the W. P. Hadleys on Christmas day. In the evening the family was joined by other relatives, including the H. H. Kendalls, the Samuel Learneds and the F. B. Kendalls, the latter of Newton.

—The K. P. G. Club met Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Schuetz. In the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Byram, their places at the whist table were filled by Mr. and Mrs. George Chickering. The next meeting will be with the club's president, Mr. Alfred Patterson.

—Next Sunday morning, Jan. 2, 1910, at Park Avenue church, there will be reception of a large number of young people, also communion and a sermon for the New Year. In the afternoon the Sunday school concert, which was to have been held last Sunday, will be held at 4 o'clock.

—The Methodist Episcopal church held its Christmas festival on Saturday evening, Christmas day. There was a short program of recitations and songs by members of the Sunday school which was presided over by the pastor, Rev. F. D. Taylor. There was a tree and a box of candy provided for each member of the school. Supt. J. V. Goddard assisted in making the festival a happy one for the young people.

—The Heights got its full share of the snow storm on Sunday. There were only a few who braved the elements and ventured out. There was no service at Park Avenue Cong'l church, neither at the Baptist church. In the latter instance the pastor, Rev. Harris Barbour, with his wife, were at Wollaston, where they went to spend Christmas. Mr. Barbour attempted to get out to the Heights for the morning service but was prevented, as there were no cars running out of Boston, the entire service being crippled by the storm. The only service held here was at the Methodist church where there were both a morning and evening service, both of which were well attended.

—The Park Avenue Sunday school held its Christmas festival Friday evening of last week, when about seventy-five gathered in the early evening to enjoy the program arranged by Supt. Herbert Snow and his corps of helpers. The first part of the evening was devoted to games played in the primary school room, after which the children marched down into the main room and disposed of their donations about the Christmas tree that were to be sent to the East Cambridge Mission. Harold Bixby gave a moving picture show that was much enjoyed and recitations were given by Ethel Coldidge and Edith MacBride. Light refreshments topped off with a box of candy, and a visit from Santa Claus (Mr. C. A. Palmer), made the evening complete.

—Through the enterprise of some of the boys of the Heights, citizens were able to read their Sunday paper even although it came a bit late. The regular newboys were on duty at Mrs. Margaret Dean's store until one o'clock, but as no papers came gave up "the job," for the day. The papers arrived about five o'clock and found a bevy of boys who were anxious for some excuse to get out in the snow and took it upon themselves to supply the demand for news. Some of the papers sold for ten cents and in many instances the purchaser gave even more. The boys took the papers on their own responsibility, setting their own price which was readily paid. They were Amerigo Charles, George Sweeney, Ellie Bryant, Charles O'Donnell, Wilbur Emus, Chester Savage, Herman Silberstein, Leon Dalton, Paul Power, George Cross.

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Barbour, Ralph H. *Captain Chub. 16885.15

Barnes, Annie M. *Little Betty Blew. 17033.2

Bennett, Arnold. Old wives' tale. 18445.1

Bouvé, Pauline C. *American heroes and heroines. 1021.96

Brooks, Amy. *Jolly cat tale. 21962.17

Burleigh, Clarence B. *Camp on Letter K. (Raymond Benson series.) 23334.4

Carové, F. W. *Story without an end. Trans. from the German by Sarah Austin. 1093.217

Casson, H. N. Cyrus Hall McCormick: his life and work. 6239.90

Crawford, Francis M. Stradella. 3100.220

Crockett, Sam'l R. Men of the mountain. 3118.26

Dickens, Chas. Barnaby Rudge. (Also) Hard Times. 3376.213

Child's history of England. (Also) American notes. Pictures from Italy. Hunted down. Holiday romance. George Silverman's explanation. 40.49

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Tale of two cities. (Also) Lazy tour of two idle apprentices. Uncommercial traveller. No thoroughfare. 3376.217

Doie, C. F. *Young citizen. 390.4

Du Bois, Mary C. *Lass of the Silver Sword. 35463.2

Dubois, P. Self-control and how to secure it. 170.85

Gladden, G. A. Religion and miracle. 231.9

Gordon, G. A. Religion and miracle. 231.9

Haines, Alice C. *Cook-a-doodle Hill: being further chronicles of the Dudley Grahams. 45225.2

Harris, Joel C. *Bishop and the Booger-man. 4646.12

Herbermann, C. G. and others, eds. Catholic encyclopedia. v. 6. R. L. Howe, S. G. Letters and journals. Ed. by Laura E. Richards. 2v. 5178.90

Inner shrine. 1133.3

Jewett, F. G. *Body at work. (Gulick hygiene series.) 612.19

Lincoln, Joseph C. Keziah Coffin. 60002.5

McComb, S. Making of the English Bible. 220.24

Massinger, P. [Plays.] (Mermaid series.) Ed. by A. Symonds. 2v. 65065.30

Miller, R. J. Around the world with the battleships. 4.100

Montgomery, Lucy M. Anne of Avonlea. 6847.2

Münsterberg, H. Psychology and the teacher. 150.28

Palmer, Anna C. [Mrs. George Archibald.] *Dozen good times that Georgiana and Dolly had. 72304.1

*Lady Gay. 72304.2

Porter, Gene S. Girl of the Limerick. 74931.2

Potter, Beatrix. *Fale of the Flopsy Bunnies. 75076.11

Reed, Myrtle. Old Rose and Silver. 75076.11

Saleeby, C. W. Parenthood and race culture. 613.67

Shaler, N. S. Autobiography. 83504.90

Snedden, Genevra S. *Decas, the Indian boy of Santa Clara. 902.31

Somerville, Edith E. and Martin, Violet [Martin Ross]. Some experiences of an Irish R. M. 85402.1

Stanley, H. M. Autobiography. Ed. by Dorothy Stanley. 8677.90

Sterling, Mary B. *Story of Sir Galahad retold from Le morte d'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory and the original stories. 398.70

Swedenborg, E. Apocalypse explained. v. 5, 6. 289.3

Tomlinson, Adele E. *American Patty: a story of 1812. 90223.4

Tomlinson, Everett T. *For the stars and stripes. (War for the Union series.) 9089.222

True, John P. *Shoulder arms. 9147.5

Weyman, Stanley J. Wild geese. 9549.17

Wiggin, Kate D. Susanna and Sue. 9008.19

Williamson, Chas. N. and Alice M. Set in silver. 96592.5

Wood, N. E. History of the First Baptist church of Boston. (1665-1899.) 947.36

Wright, Mabel O. Poppa of the post-office. 9782.12

*Juvenile books. Dec. 31, 1909.

Hockey Games.

Clear ice on Spy pond provided sport for a series of hockey games on Christmas day, both forenoon and afternoon. Arlington High won two games on Spy pond, each by the score of 1 to 0. The morning game, with the Medford boat club was a fine exhibition, excellent team work being shown by both sides. In the afternoon the school team played the alumni and was unable to score until within three minutes of the close of the game. Hutchinson was the man to make the goal in each game. The summaries:

Arlington H. S.—Chick f. Keller f. Seannell f. D. Hill f. Osgood f. Hutchinson f. Buckley ep. Pierce p. O'Brien p. Battick g.

Medford B. C.—Daley f. J. Duffy f. Perrin f. Pike f. Hodgdon f. Manson ep. Hyde p. Peckham p. Wakling g.

Score: Arlington H. S. Goal made, by Hutchinson. Referee, Smith. Umpires, Cameron and Jarvis. Timer, Hill. Time 15m halves.

Arlington H. S.—Hutchinson f. Seannell f. Osgood f. Keller f. Buckley ep. Pierce p. O'Brien p. Battick g.

Alumni—Murray f. Smart f. J. Gray f. Sloane f. Smith f. Hodgdon ep. G. Gray p. P. Dunbar g.

Score: Arlington H. S. Goal made, by Hutchinson. Referee, Hyde. Umpires, Cameron and Homer. Timer, Hendrick. Time 15m halves.

Yet another game of keen local interest was between Arlington Boat Club and Dorchester Hockey Club, played on Spy in the morning. The home team was defeated in a score of 3 to 0 in a well played game. The line up follows:—

Dorchester—Sawyer f. Y. Allen f. Dresser f. Shreve f. Clifford ep. A. Allen p. Magee g.

Arlington B. C.—Gray f. Johnson f. Viets f. Wyman f. Pierce ep. R. Dunbar p. P. Dunbar g.

Score: Dorchester H. C. 3. Goals made, by Clifford, Allen, Dresser. Referee, Kiddle. Umpires, Smith and Savage. Timer, Hosmer. Time 20m periods.

Two more teams made up of Arlington players tried conclusions on the pond Xmas morning when the Crescent Hockey Club defeated Arlington A. A., 2 to 0, in a fast game. The players were:—

Crescent—Williams f. H. Viets f. Sloane f. Taylor f. Greene ep. Rolfe p. S. Gray g.

Arlington A. A.—Bates f. C. Gray f. Hornblower f. Moore f. McLane ep. Rugg p. Johnson g.

Score: Crescent 2. Goals, made by Viets 2. Referee, Brown. Umpires, Reed and Smart. Timer, Elwell. Time 15m halves.

The second team of A. H. S. played a hockey game Saturday morning of last week with the Crescent Athletic Club on the Arlington Heights reservoir. They played three periods and neither team scored. The following is the lineup:

A. H. S., 2nd.—Reyeroff f. Ross f. Parris f. Perley f. Plaistead ep. Hadley ep. Manoh p. Seully g.

Crescent A. C.—Jukes f. Perley f. Wiley f. Smart f. Hatfield ep. Goodwin p. Powers g.

Time 15 and 20 min halves. 3 extra 5min periods. Referee, Murray. Umpire, Lamson. Livingstone. No score.

The following is the schedule for the season of Arlington High hockey team:—

Jan. 1. Open.

2. Crescent A. C. at Arlington.

3. Milton High at Milton.

4. Arlington Boat Club at Arlington.

5. Cambridge Latin " "

6. Lexington High " "

7. Somerville High " "

8. R. M. T. S. at Cambridge.

9. Milton Academy at Milton.

10. Wellesley High at Wellesley.

11. Mechanics Art at Arlington.

12. Winchester High at Winchester.

13. Andover at Andover.

14. Cambridge Latin at Arlington.

15. Hope St. High, Providence, at Arlington.

Feb. 1. Medford High at Medford.

2. Melrose High at Boston Arena.

3. Malden at Malden, [morning].

4. Newton at Brae Burn.

5. Winchester (in case of tie place undecided.)

Feb *11. R. M. T. S. at Boston Arena.

12. St. Mark's at Southboro.

13. Malden High at Arlington.

14. Open.

22. Boston Latin at Arlington [morning].
* March 5. English High [morning] at Boston Arena.
* League games.

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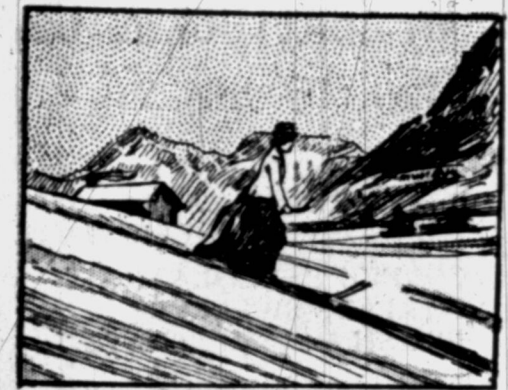
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Skeeing a Fine Winter Sport.

In the northern parts of the United States we are borrowing a popular winter sport from Norway and Sweden. In Scandinavia all the people—men, women and children—skee. When the Norwegians migrated to our north-west they brought with them their national winter sport of skeeing.

Skees are like broad, flat runners. Instead of sitting in a sleigh drawn by a horse, the traveler just mounts a pair of sled runners and goes afoot. He himself is the horse, the sleigh and the person who is sleigh riding.

A skee is seven feet long, four inches wide and very thin, with the front ends curved upward like sled runners. It is made of light, very strong wood. Two straps bind the runner to the foot, one over the toe, the other at the heel. One cannot wear an ordinary



GIRL ON SKEES.

shoe with a skee, however. A soft fur or skin shoe, a leather sock with the hair left on, is worn over woolen socks. An ordinary leather shoe would be far too stiff to allow free motion of the foot. The pioneers in our states where there is much snow learned from the Indians the use of snowshoes, but skee traveling is a great improvement on that. The skee is less fatiguing and one can make much better speed upon it than upon snowshoes.

The skee is so built that, mounted upon it, one can go uphill, downhill or



STARTING DOWN A HILL.

over level ground. Learning to skee is just like balancing oneself upon a pair of sled runners and then going it. The learner carries a long stick, changing it from one hand to the other, as he needs it to aid in the balancing or to stick in the hard snow to regulate his speed. Expert skeers hardly use the stick at all, though it is nearly always carried. Upon these runners it is easy to travel eight or nine miles an hour and to keep up this gait several hours.

Right Way to Make Fudge.

Butter two tin or agate pie plates. Take a saucepan which will hold about three quarts. Put in the saucepan before you put it on the stove three even cups of granulated sugar, one cup of sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg and two squares of unsweetened chocolate. It is not necessary to grate the chocolate. Two heaping tablespoonfuls of cocoa will do in place of the chocolate. Stir this mixture all together and put it on over a moderate fire. Stir it occasionally, especially after it begins to boil. Boil ten minutes from the time when it first boils up hard. It will then have begun to sugar around the edge of the saucepan. Take it off the stove, add a scant half teaspoonful of vanilla and stir briskly for about two minutes; then pour it out on the buttered plates. Be careful not to stir it so long that it stiffens before it is poured out nor so short a time that it will not be creamy. Proper fudge is never hard or brittle, but will melt in the mouth.

Persons.

To play this game the company seat themselves in a circle, while one of the players commences to describe some person with whom most of the other players are familiar and continues until one or other of the company is able to guess from the description who the person may be.

The one guessing correctly then commences to describe some one. If, however, the company is unable to make a correct guess the player goes on until some one is successful.

Riddle and Answer.

What is it that the man who made it does not need, the man who buys it does not use for himself and the person for whom it is bought does not know it? A coffin.

When is a hat not a hat? When it becomes a pretty woman.

The Bite.

"I've found a nice apple,"
Said Polly to Paul,
"And you'd better have some
Before I eat it all."
Set your mouth open wide,
Push the apple in tight
And bite a tre-men-dous,
E-nor-mous big bite."

The apple was small
And the opening wide,
And the mouth of young Paul
Most elastic inside.
Sweet Polly declared
The result was all right—
But he got the apple
And she got the bite!

—Nancy Byrd Turner in Youth's Companion.

The Wars of Our Country.

XLV.—Apache War—The Uprising.

By Albert Payson Terhune



WHILE north and south were at death grips the country at large was too engrossed in that tremendous struggle to pay general heed to a new "war" that had sprung up in what was then known as the far west.

Along the region including Arizona and part of Texas were scattered a savage Indian nation known as the Apaches, numbering about 10,000 in all. When that region had been a thorn in Mexico's side. But for the first few years after the United States government annexed the district they gave comparatively little trouble. Then as the west grew more thickly settled by men who had scant consideration for the natives the inevitable clash came, just as two centuries earlier it had come in New England when the pioneer had wanted the aborigine's land. But the Apaches were decidedly different men from the early Indians of the eastern states. Treacherous, bloodthirsty, horribly cruel, those modern savages hated the white invader and in a comparatively short time were at war with him.

In 1880 the entire Apache nation went on the warpath. Their method of fighting was to dash unexpectedly from ambush and mountain stronghold upon some caravan or village and torture, mutilate and kill every white man, woman or child who had the unspeakable bad fortune to fall into their hands. By the time government troops from the nearest army post could be rushed to the scene of slaughter the Indians were usually safe in their inaccessible mountain fastnesses or had vanished somewhere across the prairie or desert.

For the first few months of the uprising Uncle Sam's soldiers managed to curb, in a measure, these atrocities, and the work of settling the new land went on. But in 1881 the civil war broke out, and most of the soldiers hitherto quartered in the west were rushed to the front, leaving the frontier unprotected.

Then it was that the Apaches swept over Arizona territory in an unchecked wave of bloodshed. Tomahawk and flame marked their murderous course. Except for a few hundred settlers who succeeded in finding refuge in Tucson, every white inhabitant of Arizona was slain or frightened out of the territory. The once flourishing section became a wilderness.

A ten year period of carnage followed. Time and again military expeditions were planned against the marauding savages, only to be blocked by the pleas of soft hearted easterners, who, knowing nothing of the subject, believed that a policy of kindness might win the affections of the warring Apaches and change their hate to love. As a result of this experiment in mildness about 1,000 white people were murdered. This list included hundreds of women and little children.

As time went on without bringing any adequate punishment the Apaches waxed more daring and prospered mightily in their career of plunder and slaughter. They grew to have a profound contempt for the power of "the white father at Washington," as diplomats had tried to teach them to call the president of the United States.

It was a situation that urgently called for a man. And a man arose to meet it. He was General George Crook, civil war veteran and an old time Indian fighter. Mustered out of the volunteer service, where he had risen to the rank of major general and had once commanded the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, he had re-entered the army as lieutenant colonel in 1866 and had played a strong part ever since in the government's desultory campaign against the western Indians.

He was assigned in 1872 to the task of putting down the Apaches in Arizona and was allowed a freer hand than his predecessors had been, for the war department had at last so far succeeded in overcoming the influence of the "peace party" as to proceed to more drastic measures than any heretofore tried. And Crook, of all men, was probably best fitted to carry these measures to a successful end.

His first move was to send the various Apache chiefs a message whose stern burden was:

"Return peacefully to your reservations or be wiped from the face of the earth."

The whole country awaited eagerly the result of this bold command.

APACHE TORTURES.

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Conundrum.

What ailment is the oak most subject to? A corn.

The Land of Puzzledom.

No. 772.—Inversions.

Example: Invert an apartment and make a meadow. Room, Moor.

1. Invert fate and make disposition.
2. Invert a color and make a poet.
3. Invert entity and make bleak.
4. Invert moisture and make to marry.
5. Invert a small body of water and make a noose.
6. Invert a Roman magistrate and make to cut off.
7. Invert an Arabian prince and make hoarfrost.
8. Invert kitchen utensils and make a sudden breaking.

No. 773.—Charade.

A ragged, unkempt ONE was he,
Who asked of me a TWO
As I was walking THREE the park,
And yet a WHOLE, like new.
He carried underneath his arm
"I do not beg for bread."
But give a dime and you shall hear
My sweet toned WHOLE," he said.

No. 774.—A Mythological Garland.

Guess the floral and personal allusion in each of the following stanzas:
My flower is sacred to the one
Whose beauty was beyond compare.
To her did Paris give the prize,
The golden apple fair.

My plant is sacred to the one
Most warlike and most wise,
The goddess-child of Jupiter,
Renowned above the skies.

My short lived flowers grew from the blood
Of a brave youth, killed by a boar.
Whom Venus, goddess the most fair,
Did oft and openly adore.

My white and purple petals
Which grow beside the mountain
Mark where I died enamored with
My image in a fountain.

I loved the sun god night and day,
I watched him when he rose
And turned my head the livelong day
To watch him at its close.

The god of nature wore a wreath
Made of my leaves around his head.
He dwelt in bowers and grooves gay
And many dances often led.
—Youth's Companion.

No. 775.—Novel Acrostic.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another the initials reading downward and another row of letters reading upward will each spell the name of a November holiday.

Crosswords: 1. Celestial beings. 2. To delay. 3. To be dilatory. 4. A Cuban city. 5. Dwells. 6. An envoy. 7. The person to whom a lease is given. 8. A group of islands. 9. To range about. 10. Scanty. 11. A Greek city. 12. A hunting dog.—St. Nicholas.

No. 776.—Missing Word Puzzle.

TAKE THIS—INTO THE KITCHEN



AND GIVE IT—CUT UP FOR SALAD

The puzzle consists in finding a word which, placed in both of the blank spaces, will make good sense, complete the sentence and incidentally tell what Johnnie has in the bag.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

No. 777.—Central Acrostic.

Each of the words described contains the same number of letters. The central letters transposed will spell the name of the heroine of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

1. Was bright. 2. A hard covering. 3. A citadel. 4. A box for fruit. 5. To ward off. 6. A sudden fright.

No. 778.—Missing Rivers.

Now to travel we'll proceed,
And first we'll go by way of ----
And if the weather's bright and fair
We'll take a sail around the ----
The next river we will see
Is the little river ----
And I think we will come soon
To the banks of bonny ----
And then we'll drift for many a day
On the blue water of the ----

No. 779.—Riddle.

A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Reads backward and forward the same.
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart,
Yet to language it lays not a claim.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 765.—Charades: 1. Cam. pan, I. form—campaniform. 2. Can, dock—candock (the cow lily).

No. 766.—Puzzle Bouquet: 1. Foxglove. 2. Hawkweed. 3. Tuberosa. 4. Candytuft. 5. Snapdragon. 6. Wallflower. 7. Sweet pea. 8. Balsam. 9. Snowdrop. 10. Marigold.

No. 767.—Enigma: The human eye.

No. 768.—Novel Arithmetic: 1. W-eight. 2. F-our. 3. Eighty. 4. H-eight. 5. D-one. 6. Of-ten. 7. Can-nine. 8. Ten-t.

No. 769.—Floral Puzzle: Pansy, heliotrope, four o'clock, carnation, orchids.

No. 770.—Jumbled Words: He who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass, for every man hath need to be forgiven.—George Herbert.

No. 771.—Fourteen Hidden Trees: Cypress, linden, birch, oak, elm, ash, cedar, pine, apple, maple, beech, willow, hemlock, fir.

AN EXCITING RIDE.

Galloping Over a Rough Mountain Road in the Andes.

In going over one of the mountain roads on the way to the crest of the Andes the traveler has need of steady nerves. A passage in "The Andean Land," by C. S. Osborn, describes the journey.

The road is narrow and rocky and rutty and steep, with no walls to speak of except tumbledown ones that increase the danger by their false suggestion of safety, and in one place the wagon would fall 2,000 feet if it should roll off the edge of the mountain.

The road has no graceful sweeps or round, easy curves as it takes its way up the titanic heights, but rather it zigzags like the teeth of a saw, ascending in short stretches and doubling back at sharply acute angles, leaving very little room for a team and wagon to turn in when driven slowly and carefully and two abreast.

Now, imagine, if you can, the horses driven madly in a gallop, no trot—that would be slow—but in quick, short, jerky jumps, such as the mustang-like animals would make under the saddle when pressed.

The short, high coach follows the cavoring horses, jerking, careening and springing like a small boat sailing in a wildly choppy sea. You perceive that the wheels are strong and the springs, too, and the whole rig evidently intended for chariot racing.

The driver groans, yells, whistles shrilly, cracks his thick rawhide whip, lashes his horses and does everything he knows that will inspire fear and induce speed. All this you become accustomed to in a measure on your dash up the narrow road dug into and blown out of the giant ribs of the towering mountains.

AN INSPIRING TRIBUTE.

Touching Scene That Occurred in the House of Representatives.

From a volume by Hon. A. E. Stevenson, "Something of Men I Have Known," is taken this account of an incident which deserves a place in memory:

A touching scene occurred in the house of representatives a number of years ago when an aged member from New Jersey arose and for the first time addressed the speaker. All eyes were turned in his direction as he stood calmly awaiting recognition. He was tall, spare and erect. His venerable appearance and kindly expression, coupled with most courteous manners, at once commanded attention. As in husky tones he again said "Mr. Speaker," there came from the farthest end of the great hall in a whisper, but distinctly heard by all, the words, "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt."

A moment later and from the floor and gallery many voices blended in the familiar refrain, "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" The ovation which immediately followed was such as is rarely witnessed in the great hall. Business was suspended for the moment and the hand of the new member warmly grasped by the chosen representatives of all parties and sections. It was an inspiring tribute, one worthily bestowed. The member was Thomas Dunn English, author of the little poem, sung in palace and cottage, which has found its way into all languages and touched all hearts.

The Man Behind the Gun.

The late Admiral Erben had the good fortune or the merit to originate a world circling phrase, "the man behind the gun." He used it in a speech on the factors of success in naval warfare to emphasize the necessity of having efficiency, preparedness, run through the entire personnel. It was also a reminder that the enlisted men have a good deal more to do with bringing about victory than always appears in history or official reports. The expression was employed in supplementing the views of Captain Mahan and attained circulation at once as epitomizing a whole library of instruction.—Boston Transcript.

The Waters Under the Earth.

Below a depth of six miles under the surface of the earth's crust it is believed that no water can exist in the rock formations, because the tremendous pressure probably closes all pores. But above that level the quantity of underground water is estimated to be equal to one-third of all the water contained in the oceans. If poured over the land surface of the globe the underground water would, it is averred, be sufficient to cover it to a uniform depth of from 3,000 to 3,500 feet.

Rapid Transit.

In response to a growing demand in his home a certain author once went to his father's house, borrowed the family high chair and started taking it home by hand. He had to wait long for his car, and when it finally came its conductor was a humorist.

"Aren't you pretty big for that chair?" that official ventured.

"Yes," admitted Webster wearily, "I grew up while waiting for the car."

—Success Magazine.

Exclusive.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the haughty lady.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Cumrox, with interest. "Mine didn't. None of my family ever cared for those big excursions."—Washington Star.

Genius.

"Why is it," asks a writer in File-gende Blatter, "that when a man discovers that he is a genius he allows his hair to grow long and that when a woman becomes similarly conscious she has her hair cut short?"

TELLTALE PICTURES.

Paintings That Have Done the Work of Detectives.

BROUGHT CRIMES TO LIGHT.

Instances of Where the Canvas of an Artist Led to a Confession of Guilt. A Woman's Portrait and a Stolen Diamond Ornament.

An artist who had suddenly become almost famous by his production of a painting exhibited at the Royal academy was one day called upon by a man whose visit was productive of the most extraordinary and undreamed of consequences.

The picture represented a lonely stretch of beach, upon which the sea was beating in long, creamy rollers. In the foreground, bending over a dead body, was a man with a wild expression on his face and with a naked knife in his hand. A ship's boat, evidently just beached, was also in the picture, and by the side of the murdered man was a bag of gold. The picture portrayed the advent of two castaways upon a friendly shore. The one had murdered the other so that the treasure might be his.

The painter's visitor was a gray haired, wild eyed man.

"In heaven's name, sir," he gasped out, "how did you learn the dreadful story that you painted? I see you know all. I murdered my mate Bill to get the money that was his. I threw his body into the sea. I don't know what impulse led me to the academy. The first thing I saw was your picture representing the scene that took place thirty years ago."

Needless to say, the picture had been the outcome of imagination. Yet murder will out, and the guilty conscience of the man who had killed his comrade for lust of gold had convinced him that the painting was no coincidence, but was indeed the actual portrayal of a dastardly and unwitnessed crime.

There is probably no picture better known in England than "The Doctor," by Luke Fildes, yet there are probably very few people aware of the fact that that self-same masterpiece was the means of bringing to light the perpetration of a crime that would otherwise never have been known.

A certain doctor in a large town committed suicide, and among his papers was a letter which ran as follows: "I have today seen Luke Fildes' 'Doctor.' The picture represents a medical man watching by the bedside of a child. It has so haunted me that I am going to take away my own worthless life and make a confession at the same time. When Arthur's"—his brother's—"boy died I came into money that my dead brother had settled on him. He died as all the world thought of acute pneumonia. Yet his life might have been saved had I acted, as Fildes' 'Doctor' is so evidently doing, with the use of all the skill that lay in my power. I hastened the boy's end and so got the money. I can bear it no more."

A well known artist was commissioned to paint the portrait of a lady in exalted circles who boasted the possession of a most unique jewel in the form of a pendant. The lady was very anxious that this heirloom should be included in her portrait. The artist, of course, complied with her request.

Shortly after the painting had been completed a daring burglary was perpetrated, with the result that the lady lost her heirloom, and no trace of the thief or thieves was forthcoming. Years passed by, and the lady gave up all hope of ever seeing the precious heirloom again.

Now, it so happened that the artist who had painted the portrait of the lady mentioned had occasion to travel in India.

In the course of his wanderings he came to Bombay and, as every visitor to that place does, strolled through the native bazaar.

Suddenly his attention was riveted by a piece of jewelry in a jeweler's shop that seemed familiar to him. It was a diamond and ruby pendant. Where had he seen it before? He ransacked his brain, but could not remember.

He returned to his hotel and happened to take from his portfolio a sketch of the portrait he had made years ago of the lady with the pendant.

In a moment the enigma was solved. The piece of jewelry he had seen was the peculiar pendant that his fair sister had been so anxious he should include in his portrait.

He hurried off to the chief of police and told that worthy what he suspected—namely, that the bazaar he had visited contained the long lost jewel of the English lady. Inquiries were at once set on foot with extraordinary results. The jeweler in the bazaar confessed to having given years ago a quite insignificant sum for the jewel, which he had bought from a stableman in the employ of a neighboring rajah. The stableman was sought for and turned out to be none other than a famous English cracksmen who had apparently turned honest, but who, nevertheless, confessed to having been the thief of the jewel that had been so miraculously discovered.—Pearson's Weekly.

Money in Moving Pictures.

"I am going to embark in some sort of business and want to know whether you think there is much money in moving pictures?"

"There was for a fellow who moved a half dozen of ours," said the flat dweller. "He charged us \$10."—St. Louis Star.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.—Joubert.

A PRISON HORROR.

Awful Fate of a Russian Political Offender.

David Soskice writes in McClure's Magazine of the horrors of the Schlieselburg, Russia's political prison.

"Grachevsky, unable to stand his life any longer," says he, "struck a guard in order to be executed. But the commandant of the fortress declared him to be insane and therefore exempt from punishment."

"Then," said Grachevsky, "it remains for me but to kill myself." He was taken to the 'stable' and kept there under most vigilant watch.

"One night," related Ludmilla Volkenstein, "a terrible, inhuman shriek was heard. Footsteps hurried toward Grachevsky's cell. Feeble groans followed, and then his door was quickly opened, and it was evident that something terrible had happened to him. Smoke and the smell of burnt clothing and flesh pervaded the building and hung about it till the following day. We then knew that Grachevsky had burnt himself alive. He had soaked his clothes and bedding with the oil from the little night lamp and, rolling himself up in his blanket, had set it on fire. For several days beforehand he had dismissed the suspicions of his guards by exceedingly rational behavior, so that they had relaxed their watchfulness a little and enabled him to commit the dreadful deed."

STONE AGE CUSTOMS.

Ancient Habits Still Endure Among Natives of Rural Roumania.

Customs and habits directly traceable back to the end of the stone age are still observed by the inhabitants of the remoter parts of rural Roumania, says Dr. Emil Fischer of Bucharest in the Umschau. The latest statistics show that there are still in Roumania over 54,000 cave dwellings in existence, in which a quarter of a million peasant folk live. These caves are almost as primitive in their arrangements as the original cave dwellings of the stone age.

As recently as in the eighties millet, the oldest Indo-Germanic grain, was still crushed in Roumania by means of hand mills and stored in peculiarly shaped granaries similar to those used by the natives of central Africa. Today the Roumanian peasants still use ancient plows. At funerals a repast named coliba is partaken of consisting of soaked and boiled corn the exact way corn was first prepared and eaten by the tribes of Europe.

Even today crabapples and wild pears are the only fruit known to the Roumanian peasant, and his vegetables are wild herbs boiled with oil pressed from sunflower, hemp and gourd seeds. Medical men in rural Roumania are still known among the peasantry as wizards.

He Had Learned It.

Willie, five years old, was in his father's office one afternoon waiting to go home with him. Mr. S. was very much occupied—in fact, so much so that he had quite forgotten that his young son was sitting behind him. At length the telephone rang, and Mr. S. was told that there was a long distance call for him. He called "Hello," a number of times, and just when his patience had about given out central rang vigorously while the receiver was still at his ear. At this Mr. S. uttered a terrible and forbidden word.

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he remembered that his son was but a few feet from him. Wheeling about in his chair, he said, with humility:

"That was very wrong of father to say those naughty words, Willie. I hope," he added, "that my little boy will never use such dreadful language."

"I—I won't never say it, papa," replied the child, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "but I learned it all the same!"—Harper's Magazine.

The Pun.

The golden age of the pun in Britain was the reign of King James I., the "Stuart Solomon." That learned sovereign was himself a passable punster and made few privy councilors or bishops who were not reputed to be good at a quip. It was therefore in his day that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council table. The greatest authors in their most serious works made frequent use of puns.—London Globe.

Mistaken Identity.

"Oh, doctor, he growled so savagely I was sure he was mad even before he went on in such a biting way."

"I beg pardon, madam, but is it your large dog or your small pet one you are speaking of?"

"Law, doctor, it isn't my dog I am talking about. It's my husband."—Baltimore American.

A Legal Difference.

The Client—How much will your opinion be worth in this case? The Lawyer—I'm too modest to say. But I can tell you what I'm going to charge you for it.—Cleveland Leader.

Cramped.

Friend (looking over Brown's unfurnished flat)—And what is this passageway for? Brown—Passageway! Great Scott, this is the dining room!—Boston Transcript.

It is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.—Lytton.

ARLINGTON LOCAL NEWS.

Continued from page 1.

for the party from the Together Lend-a-Hand, Judge James P. Parmenter and Mrs. Thomas E. Holway.

A gang of men was put to work on Spy Pond Thursday morning scraping the snow off the ice and getting things in readiness for cutting an early crop of ice.

Miss H. L. Bott will receive pupils, children and adult, in drawing and painting lessons at her studio, 55 Academy street, Arlington. Miss Bott will be at home Thursdays.

Mrs. Mary E. Jackson will be the speaker at the New Thought meeting to be held at Mrs. Adam's, 355 Mass. ave., Tuesday, Jan. 4, at eight o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Phinney entertained a large family party at dinner, at their home at the head of Gray street, on Christmas. The house, with its Xmas greens and decorations, was a dream of beauty, and the occasion proved one of the merriest and happiest ones since the death of their father, Mr. S. F. Frost, who, as long as he lived, had large family parties on Christmas Day.

When Mr. Edward C. Hill, of 160 Pleasant street, was driving on Mass. avenue, Monday afternoon, his horse slipped on the icy rails and fell opposite the head of Medford street. He and Mr. Roland Swan, who were in the sleigh, were thrown out, but sustained no injury, while kind friends unhitched the horse and helped right the sleigh.

The annual election of the officers of Bethel Lodge, I. O. O. F., was held Wednesday evening. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: James Hay, N. G.; John S. Lindsay, V. G.; Charles S. Richardson, Rec. Sec.; Chas. W. Bunker, Fin. Sec.; Nathaniel E. Whittey, treasurer; Omar E. Bennett, trustee for three years. The officers will be installed on Wednesday evening, Jan. 12.

The funeral of Mrs. Nora Farrington, widow of Thomas Farrington, took place at her late residence, 114 Warren street, on Thursday morning. Services, which were largely attended, were held in St. Agnes church, where a high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Geo. H. Quigley. Mrs. Farrington was a member of Div. 4 Ladies' Auxiliary, A. O. H., and Mrs. Charles Daley, Mrs. John Harrington, Mrs. John Gateley, Mrs. James Doolin, Mrs. Patrick Costine and Mrs. Patrick O'Connell, acting honorary bearers, preceded the casket up the aisle. The bearers were P. O'Toole, John Pigott, John Grady, Anthony Pigott, Andrew Munroe and Bernard Hogan. Interment was in Mt. Pleasant cemetery.

As there was no service at the Universalist church last Sunday, the Christmas sermon and music will be given next Sunday, at 10.45. The following music will be rendered by a double quartette, under the direction of Mrs. Elmer Stevens: "Arise! Shine! for Thy Light is Come," by Dudley Buck; "Bethlehem," by H. N. Bartlett, and Christmas Carol by A. P. Howard. The quartette will be composed of Mrs. H. W. Reed and Miss Carrie Higgins, sopranos; Mrs. H. A. Leeds and Miss Mary Hadley, altos; Mr. Tibbetts and Mr. Horton, tenors; Mr. Yerrinton and Mr. Leeds, bass. Mrs. Stevens will also render on the organ, "Glory to Thee, by Ashford; Pastoral in F, by Stone; Sanctus, by Gounod; and the Hallelujah Chorus, from the Messiah.

The first meeting of the new year will be held by Arlington Woman's Club on Thursday of next week, Jan. 6. The occasion promises to be one of rare interest and may be called a New Year reception, held as a compliment to the ladies on the club's waiting list. The special guest of the afternoon will be Miss Georgie A. Bacon, president of the State Federation. Mr. Herbert W. Smith, baritone soloist, will furnish the musical program, while the entertainer will be no less a person than Mrs. Margaret Deland, the writer and novelist, whose popularity with the ladies is quite exceptional. Tea and a social hour will follow the formal program. The meeting will be held at Associates Hall, as usual, at three o'clock.

The only Protestant church at the centre of the town to hold services on Sunday was at the First Baptist church. Rev. Nathan E. Wood, D. D., was greeted by a congregation of fifty. Of this number thirty-five were men and fifteen were women. This was a record for the old First Baptist to be proud of. Dr. Wood gave the sermon he had prepared, which was a splendid dissertation on "The Incarnation." Mr. C. F. Norris, the organist, was stilled at Malden and out of town members of the choir were unable to get to Arlington. Mrs. E. Nelson Blake sustained the musical part of the program and gave great pleasure by her rendering of the solo, "How Brightly Dawns the Morning," by Shelley, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Ruth Richardson Thompson. Mr. Ward Chick played for the hymns sung by the congregation.

A committee composed of Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, Mrs. Chas. B. Devereaux and Miss Lucinda Higgins, gave the young people of the First Baptist church, not to mention their elders, one of the most enjoyable holiday parties in the history of the society, in the chapel of the church, on Tuesday evening. The ladies were rather handicapped in their preparations by the lack of the electric lights, but as the current was turned on by seven-thirty, all went well in the presentation of the entertainment. This consisted of a performance by the "Pixies," under the skilled and clever management of Mr. Robert P. McLaughlan, of 9 Woodland street, Arlington. A more unique and novel entertainment it would be hard to discover. It delighted the audience. After it was concluded, the company repaired to the supper room, where a collation was served to all and a cornucopia of candy given as a souvenir of a happy evening.

Next Sunday noon, at the Universalist church, an adult Bible class will be organized, under the leadership of the pastor. This class will take up the study of the books of the Bible with relation to their place in history. The purpose will be to secure a broad, connected view of the Bible as a whole. Each book will be considered as a part of an historical series to which it belongs, and thus an outline be given of the entire Biblical history. Into this outline the addresses, essays and epistles of the prophets and apostles will be fitted in their proper setting. In this way, some writings, which seem obscure and unintelligible when isolated, may become full of meaning when read in their proper historical connection. The lesson for the first day will be introductory in character, treating of the Bible

as a whole. All people, whether members of this congregation or not, are most cordially invited to become members of this class.

Miss Evelyn Warren entertained the members of her college class of 1908, Radcliffe, at her parents' home, the C. E. Warrens, of Gray street, Monday evening, with a supper party. The young ladies have spent several summers together in camp and each year hold a reunion at Christmas, when they exchange presents and renew acquaintances so agreeably formed while in college. The centre of the table held a "Jack Horner pie," in the form of a snow ball, and this contained favors for the fifteen guests. A Christmas tree beautifully decorated and simply laden with gifts, two hundred in all, furnished no end of entertainment after supper, as many of the gifts were chosen to make fun.

The neighbors on Mystic street and its converging streets, "got wind" of the fact that Thursday, Dec. 30, was Senator J. Howell Crosby's birthday, and planned "not to do a thing to him (?)". With the co-operation of Mrs. Crosby, they arranged a "Progressive Dinner Party." It was to be a complete surprise to the Senator and strictly a neighborhood affair, and was a most happy idea and carried out with great success. Each course of an elaborate dinner was served at each of the houses where the lady elected to be the hostess, and the going back and forth was the occasion of no little genuine hospitality and good will. It was planned to be as informal as possible, but also as a neighborly expression of regard for the Senator.

The festival arranged for the pupils of the Orthodox Cong'l Sunday school and given Christmas Eve, proved a great success. There were two hundred and fifty pupils, together with parents and friends, who participated in the evening's festival. An entertainment given by some of the pupils occupied the first part of the evening. This feature was in charge of the three superintendents, Mr. F. B. Thompson, Miss Grace Parker, Miss Whitaker, and Miss Ednah Warren, secretary. The primary department sang two Christmas carols; there were recitations by Ralph Lynch, Dorothy Dewing, Harvey Walker, Alan Stackpole, Frederick Crosby, Mrs. Benj. Moore's class gave a recitation, and a song was sung by pupils in Miss Florrie Whitton's class. Nine girls from the intermediate department gave a banner drill, followed by a short play entitled "Santa's Honeymoon," given in costume by Rodney Hardy as Santa Claus; Sadie Jenkins, Mother Goose; Helen Hadley, Fairy Thoughtful; Mildred Whittey, Fairy Kind; Helen Sinclair, Fairy Generous; Helen Doughty, Brownie Beautiful; Ellsworth Gamster, Shepherd Boy. A group of young ladies from the main school sang two Christmas carols. Of course Santa Claus made his annual appearance (impersonated by Mr. Howard Viets), and distributed boxes of candy from a handsomely decorated Xmas tree. Ice cream and cake were served the entire company. This latter was in charge of Miss Florrie Whitton, who was assisted by teachers in the primary department. Mr. Ralph Howse and Mr. George Varney were the tree committee. The evening was one of the most successful that has been given for some time. The girls taking part in the banner drill were as follows: Helen Sinclair, Olive Rich, Mildred Gleason, Charlotte Holbrook, Mildred Whittey, Thelma Fultz, Norma Gray, Genevieve Chase, Helen Hadley and Elizabeth Lynch.

K. of C. House-Warming.

Arlington Council, No. 109, Knights of Columbus, has celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of its organization, by this week officially opening its handsome new quarters on Mystic street, Arlington. The anniversary date was celebrated two weeks ago, but on Wednesday evening the lodge room, on the upper floor of the cream brick block owned by the Finance Club, just around the corner from Mass. avenue, were thrown open to the friends of the Knights, including the ladies, the occasion being termed the annual "Ladies' Night." Here the officers and members received informally and did the honors, while the visitors explored every nook and corner and were enthusiastic in expressing their admiration and praise.

On passing up the stairway you are ushered into a good sized room which is used as a card and smoking "retreat," as well as a coat room. Here are the toilet arrangements and these are of the most approved order. Directly out of this room is the lodge room. It is of fine proportions, being forty by thirty-nine feet. The walls are decorated in pale green and the hangings and carpeting on the raised dais where are the officers' stations, are of crimson. The furniture is appropriate and the whole makes an apartment of no little dignity. On again entering the card room you at once pass into the billiard room which is of just the right proportions and is perfectly equipped in all respects.

Opening out of the billiard room is the most popular room of all and one in which the Knights take great delight. It is fitted up as a reading room. The walls are a warm crimson, with a dais of green, while the carpet is in soft green and wood shades. The black oak mission furniture shows with striking effect against this coloring and includes a number of handsome pieces. The walls are hung with pictures, and a handsome stag's head was the gift of ex-Secretary E. S. Farmer. It is a room to be comfortable in and enjoy.

As the council numbers over one hundred and seventy Knights, the party entertained on Wednesday evening was of necessity a large one and was entertained at Arlington Auditorium. Grand Knight Jas. M. Mead was the host of the evening and spoke happily in relation to the order, besides speaking in pleasant terms of his successor in office, Mr. Dan F. Ahern. In the absence of T. J. Donnelly, the chairman of the committee of arrangements, Mr. John A. Bishop acted as master of ceremonies and in every way possible promoted the social features of the occasion. The early part of the evening was devoted to a short, but attractive program, made up of solos by Miss Frances Ahern, the popular soprano soloist; violin solos by Miss Grace Donnelly, accompanied on the piano by Miss Lucy Butler, organist of St. Agnes' church; baritone solos by Mr. John Lemmon; while Mary Lewis of Medford, gave a pleasing variety to the music by her recitations. Dancing closed the evening to the music of an excellent orchestra, and a collation was served. It was a handsomely appointed assembly and an occasion to be recalled with happy memories of this closing event of the old year in K. of C. circles.

Favinger-Poore.

A beautiful but quiet wedding (owing to bereavement in the family), occurred at the home of Mr. George W. Poore, West Medford, on Christmas night, when his eldest daughter, Miss Alice, and Mr. Charles L. Favinger were united in marriage in the presence of the relatives and a very intimate friends. Six young ladies, Misses Gertrude Howard of Winchester, Marguerite Poore, sister of the bride, Anna Mansfield of Wakefield, Ida Poore of Wollaston, Anna Johnson of Methuen, Sue Howard of Malden, carried the aisle ribbons, between which the bride party passed. Rev. Burt Leon Yorkie, of West Medford, officiated, the Episcopal form with the double ring service being used. A little cousin, Miss Ruth Metcalf, of Melrose, was the ring bearer. The bride, daintily gowned in white mesaline and duchess lace, with veil, and carrying a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley, was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Day Poore, and Mr. Samuel E. Osbourn, of West Virginia, acted as best man. The bride was a Smith College girl, and the groom a Bowdoin man. The couple left on a wedding trip with the best wishes of friends. On their return they will reside in Malden, where Mr. Favinger is a teacher in the High school.

LEXINGTON NEWS LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Parsons, as is their custom, will spend midwinter in Cambridge. They will be located at 357 Harvard street.

Rev. G. Grey Ballard, Jr., the sexton of the church, and one parishioner, appeared at the church of Our Redeemer, Sunday morning, to attend service. The services were of course omitted.

Bartholomew Mahoney died at the Town Farm on Dec. 28th, aged 76 years. The deceased was buried on Wednesday in Mt. Calvary cemetery, Woburn, with the customary obsequies.

It is reported to us that Supt. R. H. White, of the street department, did most excellent work in breaking out the streets and sidewalks after the big snow storm. This is much pleasanter for us to announce rather than to hear of complaints.

Miss Helen Woodward has so far recovered from the surgical operation for appendicitis as to be down stairs. She is a student at Simmons college and hopes to return there at the opening of the second half of the winter term.

Newspaper sales were very much at a discount last week. Mr. H. V. Smith, the local agent, was cut out of a good many dollars, not only by the loss of the sales of the papers but other expenses it involved.

Judge Baker, of the Boston Juvenile Court, will be the guest and speaker at the monthly meeting of Hancock church Men's Club, held in the social rooms of the church, on Thursday evening of next week, Jan. 6th. This bespeaks an interesting meeting.

The Christmas tree festivals at the several churches, held last week Friday, were reported in last week's MINUTEMAN. This statement is made so that those who did not read last week's paper shall not expect to see a report of such events in the paper this week.

Mr. Stanley Prince has been home from Amherst this week for the holiday recess at that college. Tom Carter is home from Yale, his brothers, Herrick and Liam, from Exeter. Douglas Mille, who is at the prep school at Andover, is also at his parents' Lexington home.

Mr. Geo. W. Taylor, insurance agent, with offices on Milk street, Boston, has issued a large and handsome calendar this year to patrons and friends. For lack of a more definite designation we call it "The Lincoln calendar." It is one admirer of Lincoln will value highly.

Eight ladies were present at the meeting of the Tourist Club, on Monday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Geo. H. Reed, on Waltham street. Mrs. Gaskell was the author considered and Mrs. E. F. Fobes read the biographical sketch of this English novelist. Mrs. A. C. Washburn furnished the data pertaining to current events.

The Woman's Alliance will hold an all day meeting, on Thursday next, Jan. 6th, in the social rooms of the Unitarian church, to sew for local charities. Those interested in the work of the District Nurse will be supplied with work. The ladies are to meet at ten in the forenoon, a box luncheon will be partaken of at one, and the regular meeting will be called to order at three o'clock. All women interested are invited.

There was an informal gathering of young friends entertained on Christmas evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Prince, when the happy opportunity was availed of to announce the engagement of the elder daughter of the family, Miss Hazel, to Edward A. Schumann, M. D., of Philadelphia. Miss Prince's fiancé is a descendant of Schumann, the famous composer, but his family has lived in Pennsylvania for many years. Dr. Schumann was educated at University of Pennsylvania, at Heidelberg's famous university and at Munich.

The beautiful home at Cary Farm has for a good many years been the scene of one of the most charming holiday dances held in this town. One of these parties took place on Wednesday evening. It was given in honor of one of Miss Cary's grand-nieces, Miss Ruth Read. In former years Miss Cary gave these society events of the winter season in society of her nieces. It is, indeed, a happy combination of circumstances that she is able to continue them for the pleasure of a younger generation and thus keep up the spirit of perpetual youth at Cary Farm. Every body loves Miss Cary, and many enjoy the privilege of her hospitality. The dance was held in the music room, and was attended by all the little accessories that make a dance all that it should be. Every one wore their prettiest frocks and there were a lot of agreeable young men for partners.

Miss Kate J. Smith died at the residence of her niece, Mrs. Lowell D. Hoyt, corner of Mass. avenue and Parker street, on Dec. 28th. Miss Smith was of extreme old age, being ninety-four years and three months. She came to Lexington to reside at the time her relatives the Hoyts did, just following the great fire of Chelsea, where the family resided at the time. She was a daughter of David and Judith (Stetson) Smith. Her brother, also advanced in years, died last August at Lexington. Miss Smith used to visit in Lexington, 1830, an uncle by the name of Samuel Stetson, associated it is supposed, with the family owning the "Bucknam Tavern" so many years and now the property of Miss Nellie Stetson. The

funeral took place on Friday afternoon of this week, at Mr. Hoyt's residence, and was in charge of Mr. Marshall. The services were conducted by Rev. James Mills Wilson, pastor of Lexington First Parish church. The burial was in Grove Hill cemetery, Waltham.

Rev. Mr. Carter will present a New Year greeting at his church, at 10.30 on Sunday forenoon. A communion service and the reception of new members will conclude the preaching service.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Capen, of 28 Forest street, Lexington, announces the engagement of her daughter, Rebecca Eastman, to Mr. Theodore Rogers Treadwell, of New York city.

At the annual meeting of Hancock church, Thursday evening, at the church, the pastor's annual message made statement to the effect that during the year sixteen members had been added to the church roll, seven by letter and nine by profession of faith. Five are to be received into the church fellowship on Sunday.

It is hardly necessary to state there were no services at First Baptist church on Sunday, for this was the fact in regard to most churches in all the region round about. The elaborate Christmas program of music will be given at the 10.30 service the coming Sabbath, and the concert program, that has been prepared with no little skill and painstaking, will take place in the evening at seven o'clock, to which all are cordially invited.

The Christmas music announced in last week's paper to be given at First Parish church last Sabbath forenoon, has been delayed just a week, owing to the storm, which necessitated the omission of all services. We are sure the music will lose nothing for being thus kept in "cold storage." The cantata entitled "The Manger Theme," by C. F. Manney, will be the special feature of the program, but there are to be numbers by the organ, piano and violin in musical combination, as well as vocal and instrumental solos.

Our Grand Army friends are reminded of the joint installation of George G. Mead Post 119 and W. R. C. No. 97, on Wednesday afternoon and evening of next week in Grand Army Hall. Past Dept. Commander John E. Gilman will install the officers of the Post, and Mrs. Mary L. Gilman, his wife, and Past National President of the W. R. C., will install the ladies of the corps. A supper will be served in the early evening to both organizations.

President Davis writes us: "You may be interested to know that for the Children's entertainment at the Old Belfry Club House next Saturday afternoon, in the course of events scheduled for the Old Belfry Club, we propose to give an entertainment by Mr. R. P. McLaughlan of Arlington, who for three-quarters of an hour will present his 'Pixies.' After that the hall will be cleared for dancing for the children, up to five o'clock. In the evening the regular New Year's Party will take place, and the music to be furnished by Poole instead of Fleming as previously advertised."

At a meeting of the executive committee held in the office of Mr. Charles B. Davis last Tuesday, plans were completed for a carnival night to be held at the Twin Elm Spring the last of January, in aid of the Boston Floating Hospital. Mr. Chester Hutchinson is chairman of the sports committee and will have associated with him gentlemen from the Appalachian, Brookline Country, Oakley, Boston Athletic and Brae Burn Country Clubs. All kinds of winter sports will be indulged in including tobogganing, ski jumping, snow shoe races, fancy skating, match hockey games and a free for all obstacle snow shoe race.

The closing recital in a course of five given by Miss Grace Chamberlain, took place in the vestry of Unitarian church, on Wednesday afternoon. There was the same excellent attendance as has marked these readings, the cold on Wednesday detaining but a few of the lady patrons. Although no stranger here, Miss Chamberlain's talents as a reader do not pall. She gave at this time Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." It was an impressive recital. Her differentiation of the several principal characters was wonderfully well done. She gave the male roles no little verity and power, imparted a sweet dignity to Queen Hermione, while there was the touch of the dramatic instinct in every impersonation. The audience was most appreciative, and as it was intelligent in its powers of discrimination, the compliment was not an empty one for the reader.

Mrs. Sylvester P. Robertson writes us from Manchester, N. H.: "One phase of our Christmas program, on last Friday afternoon, Dec. 24th, I failed to report to you, and it was said to add much to the significance of the occasion and was an entirely new feature. The kindergarten department, in addition to the singing of Christmas carols and motion songs and some individual recitations, had previously bought with their own Sunday school pennies a small Christmas tree which they decorated themselves with cranberries and popcorn which they had strung and toys which they had contributed. During the singing of 'Every one a Santa Claus' the children placed additional packages which they had brought, under the Christmas tree, and directly Santa Claus appeared and carried the tree off 'bodily' to the great delight of the little people, saying that he knew just where he could take it to make some little children very happy. When he returned to distribute the gifts on the large Christmas tree, he assured the children that the tree went in an automobile, which was an actual fact. It was beautiful to note the enthusiasm of the children over the preparing and giving of this tree, the true 'Spirit of Christmas' seemed to be in their hearts."

Certainly the facts bore evidence to the sentiment, expressed by the ladies, that the Schaecker Trio made lovely soul stirring music, on Tuesday afternoon, when they furnished a program under the auspices of the Outlook Club. Old Belfry Hall was not as well filled as has been the case at the meetings this season, but the difficulty of getting about in the snow and the exhaustive festivities of Christmas week accounted for this, rather than any lack of attraction on the part of Heinrich Schaecker and his associate players, Jacques Hoffmann, violinist, and Carl Barth, violoncello. Of course Mr. Schaecker is too famous as a harpist to need any comment, while the other two gentlemen rank among the very best of their kind. But to us the most exquisite effect was when the musicians played in trio. It was really too beautiful for words. To those familiar with chamber music, the program played was no new one, but some of the most

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beautiful things composed for the three instruments were rendered, making the afternoon one of really rare enjoyment. Oberthur's "Fairy Legend," opened the program and the harmonic effect of the three instruments was indeed lovely and only produced by the most finished skill.

New Hampshire is well buried in snow, so a friend writes, but as far as we can learn the disasters were greater in Boston and vicinity.

Sunday evening, the Sunday school of First Baptist church will give the concert exercise, "The second journey of the Wise Men." Both programs will be of great interest to church people and all lovers of good music.

The musical program at First Baptist church Sunday morning will be as follows: "It is the blessed Christmas Morn," Bartlett; "Selections from the great light," Lynn; "The Hymn of the Angels," West; "There were Shepherds," Foster; "Christmas," Shelley. Offertory will be a cello solo by Miss Loretta Dowey.

There will be a large gathering of people interested in the G. A. R. on Jan. 5. In the afternoon the officers of W. R. C. No. 97 will be installed. In the early evening a supper will be furnished the comrades by this affliating body, and this is to be the prelude to a public installation of the officers of Post 119. Gideon's Band will furnish music and there is to be a good time generally for members and guests.

Constable Wm. B. Foster has this week issued a warrant for a town meeting to be held Tuesday evening, Jan. 4th, in Town Hall, at 7.30. The warrant contains seven articles. One of these provides for the hearing of the report of the committee having in charge the town's celebration of the 135th anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, and to take action thereon. More money is called for to suppress the moth nuisances. The collection and disposal of garbage is to be discussed under article six. This is an important matter.

When Rev. C. F. Carter reached the Hancock church, last Sabbath morning, he was met by a handful of faithful and plucky men of the parish who shared honors with him in venturing out such a morning, with a blizzard in full force and the streets blocked with snow. It was deemed advisable to omit all services for the day.

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